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NATIONAL REVIEW

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A JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

The Challenge of Inflation

HOWARD BUFFETT

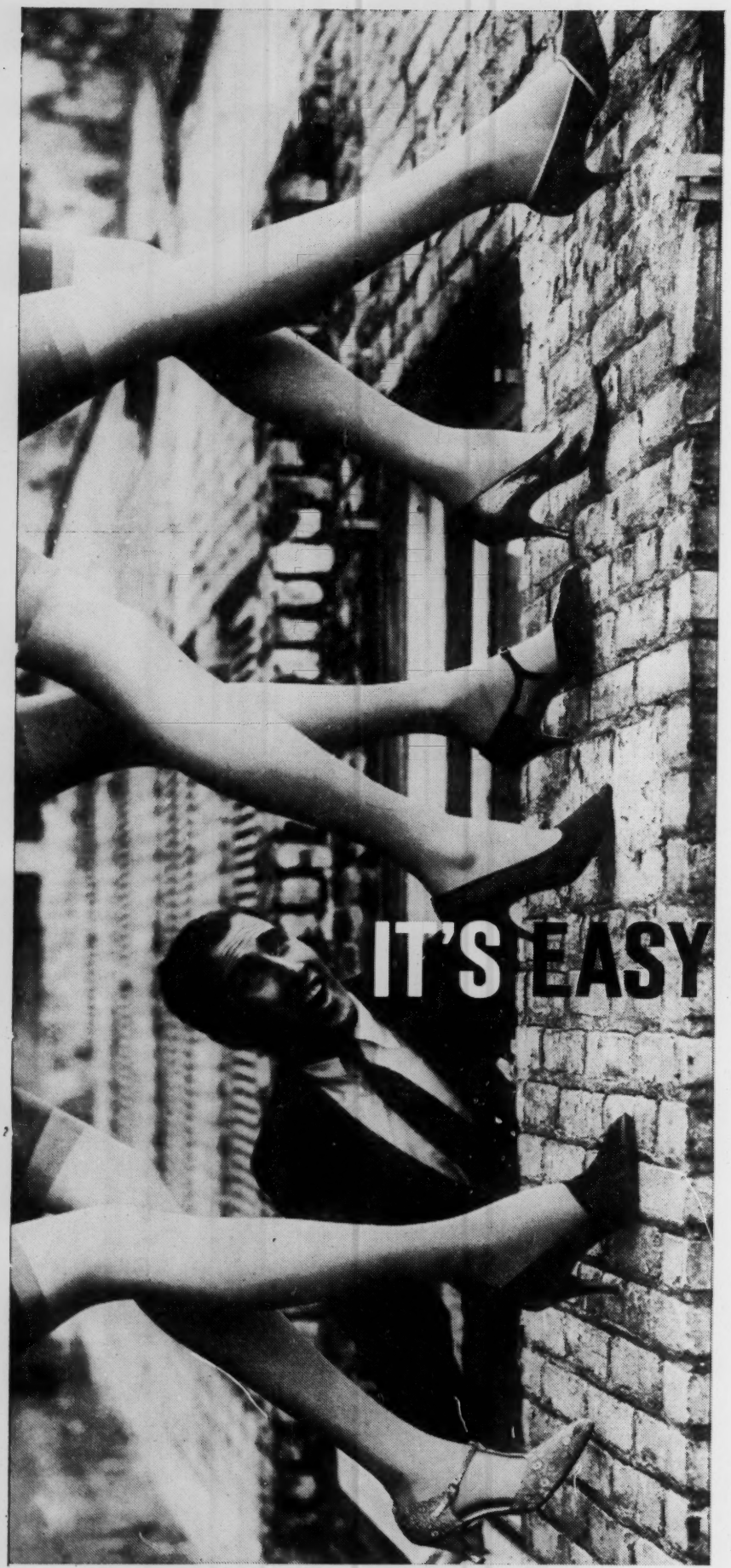
The Stepfatherliness of Mr. Griswold

WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

Why I Quit Teaching

MICHAEL CALLAGHAN

Articles and Reviews by · · · · IRENE CORBALLY KUHN
JOHN CHAMBERLAIN · THOMAS MOLNAR · FRANCIS RUSSELL
COLM BROGAN · KARL A. WITTFOGEL · ROBERT PHELPS



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NATIONAL REVIEW

A JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

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NATIONAL REVIEW is published bi-weekly by National Weekly, Inc. at Orange, Conn. (second-class mail privileges authorized at Orange, Conn.).

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Changes of address, undeliverable copies, and subscription orders should be sent to:

EDITORIAL OFFICES
National Review
150 East 35th St., New York 16, N. Y.
Telephone ORegon 9-7330

Published at 440 Post Road, Orange, Conn.
RATES: $8.00 a year. Add $1.00 for Canada, $2.00 for other foreign subscriptions. By arrangement with the Intercollegiate Society of Individualists, Inc., Lafayette Bldg., Philadelphia, National Review is available to students and teachers at the special rate of $4.00 a year.

The editors cannot be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts unless return postage, or better, a stamped, self-addressed envelope is enclosed. Opinions expressed in signed articles do not necessarily represent the views of the editors.

For the Record

The new high school in Levittown, Pa., which was to have been named "The J. Robert Oppenheimer" will be called something else. Some parents circulated copies of the Oppenheimer hearing testimony. Ye shall know the truth. . . . Senator Jacob Javits has introduced a bill (S. 125) which would "authorize exclusion from the mails of matter relating to the solicitation of funds for . . . certain unlawful activities," defined as "interfering with the execution of any federal statute or with the decree, order, judgment or mandate of any federal court. . . ." Some of the Senator's constituents want to know if the law would prohibit the mailing of dissenting minority judicial decisions. . . . Madison Avenue rumor is that Mrs. Roosevelt's controversial TV commercial series is a calculated build-up for an interview show of her own.

The Young Conservative movement emerging as a powerful force in Great Britain, both politically and socially. There are 150,000 active members. . . . Although Israel is managing to absorb 10,000 Rumanian Jews a month, she still maintains she cannot absorb any of the displaced Arabs driven out a decade ago. . . . Revelation in Norway that the Socialist government exported $511,000 worth of arms to Cuba last December may force a "no confidence" vote. . . . Nationalist Chinese delegations have been quietly promoting anti-Communist publications and organizations in Moslem communities throughout the Arab world.

Creighton University of Omaha presented its Distinguished Service Award in the Field of Diplomacy this year to General Albert C. Wedemeyer. . . . A publication well worth examining: Recognize Red China? Published by the Circuit Riders, Inc. (18 E. Fourth Street, Cincinnati, Ohio, price $1.00), it analyzes the leftward composition of the World Order Study Conference that came out last November for recognition of Red China.

Mounting criticism of CIA's failure to recruit top Soviet defectors recently prompted the hurried "surfacing" of Peter S. Deriabin, a high-ranking Soviet police official who defected to the West five years ago but has been kept under wraps for his own safety. . . . Could the recent harassment of Soviet trawlers in both the Atlantic and Pacific be a not-so-subtle reminder to the USSR that the United States rules the waves?

The WEEK

● According to its Governor's admission, the State of Michigan may be broke. It is certainly living above its income. But brother, just think of the services it performs. Take for example the latest issue of the glossy "Quarterly Bulletin" published by the state university, with its informative articles on: 1) "The Effects of Age on the Social Organizations of Chickens" (did you know that a chicken is at its most quarrelsome at 17 months?) and 2) "Some Economic Aspects of Pie Consumption," which is a detailed analysis of the age, economic status, family size and vocations of the people who eat apple, blueberry, cherry, pineapple, berry, pumpkin, mince, cream, custard and—dare we suggest?—celestial pies.

● Like so many other Americans, the people of Washington State were stunned last month when their new Democratic Governor unveiled a whopping two billion dollar budget for the next biennium. Like other Americans, they protested massively, showering the Governor's Mansion and the State Legislature with an estimated 10,000 letters of protest. But with this distinction: Realizing that it was the demand for more public aid that inflated the budget in the first place, thousands of protesting Washingtonians signed statements assuring the Governor that they were content with the present level of government services, thus laying claim to a degree of political maturity highly advanced over that of enraged taxpayers in some other states we could name.

● Governor Rockefeller has won a notable political victory, and if his popularity with the people is momentarily lessened, his prestige among the politicians has vastly increased, for he said what he wanted, fought for it, and won. New York is a wonderful state, a Midwest newspaper has commented, surveying recent events: in New York a millionaire can be governor, and nearly everybody else can go on relief. Governor Rockefeller banks on the device of the weekly withholding tax, replacing the annual levy and quarterly payments, to obscure the sharp increase in the annual state income tax. Meanwhile, he will have lots of other people's money to spend, and many appetites are due to be satisfied. The Democratic Party, moreover, has been thrown into a state of total confusion. It is as if Mr. Eisenhower had come out for a $90 billion budget: even Senator Humphrey would have been made mute. Watch the Governor, ladies and gentlemen, he's going places.

● For once, the advocates of economy in government were not caught short. While the President's "bipartisan" Citizens Committee on Foreign Aid was mulling over the form and the substance of the report it would publish advocating greater U.S. expenditures abroad, a second committee, a "Citizens Foreign Aid Committee" had swung into action. Headed by Walter Harnischfeger, Milwaukee industrialist, and counting among its members such experienced men of affairs as T. Coleman Andrews, Spruille Braden, Clarence Manion and General A. C. Wedemeyer, it made its own survey of our overseas program and came up with this conclusion: that we could and should slash 50 per cent from Mr. Eisenhower's $3.9 billion foreign aid program this year and plan on closing out the entire operation in another three years.

● A House Foreign Affairs subcommittee which has been looking into the operation of the military part of our foreign aid program has issued an interim report, recording a series of abuses so perverse and so chronic as to shake the faith of men whose commitment to foreign aid has been almost religious. Supplies earmarked by congressional edict for military construction have been employed to build civilian apartment houses. Planes assigned to military bases are used as personal transportation for foreign government officials. One motor-pool had 44 spare tires for each truck; one base enough of a certain type of ammunition to last 185 years. Nations with untrained soldiers demand modern equipment—which then gathers dust. Ineffectual local agents distribute the wrong materials to the wrong localities. Truck deliveries of U.S. military supplies were cancelled because the recipient government failed to provide gasoline and anti-freeze. He would be "hard put" to vote for another foreign aid bill, said Senator Humphrey, "when we have maladministration time after time." He'll just have to force himself.

● The savage eruptions of what the Liberal ideologues primly term "African nationalism" have been spreading in recent weeks through the British regions of east Africa—North and South Rhodesia and Nyasaland (which together constitute the "Central African Federation") and on into Kenya, where a neo-Mau Mau stirs. Inflamed by the sorcerers' apprentices who beckon them on, the mobs work consequences which are purely destructive: to the flourishing economic development and social advance brought to the area—especially to the Rhodesias—by British capital, brains and energy since the war; to the cause of responsible self government, which has

been progressing at triple speed under the British program; to the strategic position of the Free World, for which East Africa became a key base bearing on the Indian Ocean and the Middle East as British power swung back from India.

● The fulcrum of the East-West struggle in the Middle East has moved north from Cairo to that combustible region which lies just south of the Soviet Union itself. And there the lines are now clear. Iran, which was put to the test in recent weeks—a test which included a threat of invasion by the Soviet Union—is standing firm with the West, a tribute to the character of the Shah and to our own CIA which has supported him in his anti-Communist struggle, from Mossadegh days on. But, to counterbalance this, Iraq is moving ever faster into the Russian camp, propelled in that direction at an accelerated rate by the recent revolt in Mosul. It is in Iraq that the Soviet Union has made its greatest penetration of the Arab world, and it is from Iraq that it probably will operate its Mideastern espionage and subversion nets in the future.

● Poland employed the psychological shock technique last week—a "how-not-to-do-it" exhibition of the nation's worst consumer products. In an avowed effort to "stimulate" quality production, the government invited trade officials, factory executives, and price commission members to the Premier's office for an inspection tour of four rooms of off-white elephants—elastic that doesn't stretch, fruit candy prepared without fruit, saws that curl up when put to wood, frying pans that burn out the first time on the stove, price and packaging inequities that have bilked the Polish consumer for thousands of dollars in the past year. The public, of course, was not invited to the show.

● A great writer has pinpointed the ebbtide drift of Japan's intellectual deadwood toward the Left. Arthur Koestler, anti-Communist author of *Darkness at Noon,* refused an invitation to speak before the Japanese chapter of PEN ("Playwrights, Essayists and Novelists") because of the organization's criticism of Boris Pasternak in the recent Nobel Prize fiasco. The public exchange of letters between Mr. Koestler and PEN inspired anxious introspection among Japanese intellectuals and newspapers. We need, said one paper, "a reawakening."

● We have on another occasion called attention to the new and useful service to conservatives being offered by Public Action, Inc., an organization recently formed by a group of determined ladies in New York City. Recent signs of robustness prompt us once again to remind our readers that for $2 a year, Public Action notifies conservatives of proposals before Congress that are of special concern to them. It also suggests when letters to public officials are most likely to be effective, and indicates to whom such letters should be addressed, To join, write Public Action, 131 East 69th Street, New York 21, New York.

● H. W. Anderson, a General Electric public relations manager, has launched a one-man campaign to refurbish the tawdry image of the American businessman. Speaking out in his regular column in the *General Electric News,* Anderson takes to task the playwrights, novelists, and television dramatists who feed the American public a repast of doubtful stereotypes, businessmen who are "stupid, cowardly, greedy, weak, or a combination of all these." Lambasting last month's *Playhouse 90* corporation drama, Anderson writes: "These 'Organization Man' type programs are creating as false a picture of the world of business" as our adult-westerns have of our pioneer history. "Very few followers so far," he says of his crusade, "But remember, Castro started with only twelve men." Who knows, the day may come when Mr. Anderson will be able to line the playwrights, novelists and television dramatists up against the wall and shoot 'em stone cold dead.

Notes and Asides

The following is a memorandum dated March 10, sent by the Superintendent of Schools, Union Free School District No. 5, Levittown, New York to Building Principals:

"The attached criticism of educational materials used with more able pupils in grades 4, 5 and 6 in District 5, appeared in the February 28, 1959 issue of the NATIONAL REVIEW magazine. [The materials in question debunked Alexander Hamilton, and plugged the pacifist line.] The article apparently refers to prepared reading exercises . . . used by sixth grade advanced classes.

"As you know we have endeavored to furnish our advanced pupils with a broad, challenging reading program . . . [and therefore] supplemented our standard reading program with prepared reading exercises that have a wide range of reading levels and interests. . . .

"Even though the report in the NATIONAL REVIEW magazine is taken out of context [it is not] and is somewhat slanted [it is not], a decision has been made to withdraw these exercises from use pending study of their educational value. Each principal is requested to hold them in his office until further notice."

The Berlin Confrontation

1. The Military Posture

The heavily censored testimony of General Maxwell D. Taylor, Army Chief of Staff, and General Thomas D. White, Chief of Staff of the Air Force, that has been released by the Senate Preparedness Subcommittee does not clear up the disputed facts of our military condition and long-term prospects. Nevertheless, their words are in the most significant sense reassuring. They prove that our military leaders are aware of the seriousness of Khrushchev's challenge on Berlin; are planning their course to be ready for his thrust, in whatever form it may come; and are confident that they dispose of the material means to meet it successfully.

General Taylor stated that in the case of a European ground war to which, as in Korea, only enemy satellite forces would be committed, "we can deal with the situation without resorting to general nuclear warfare." He added a restorative historical reflection: "I am surprised sometimes when I hear the concern over fighting wars on the ground. Europe has withstood the thrust of the Russians for generations, for hundreds of years. The Finns singlehanded held off the might of the Russian ground forces for ninety days in 1939. If we have the courage of the Finns, I think we can do a lot of things from which we often appear to shrink."

Against "all-out use of Soviet ground forces" in a conflict over Germany, both Generals White and Taylor, agreeing with the President, declared that we would have to retaliate with nuclear weapons, and would do so. General White estimated that "a few days, two or three to four days, will conclude the decisive phase of a nuclear war."

In the words of the Chiefs of Staff there was neither the complacency of which they are often accused nor the panic that so frequently colors the rhetoric of the accusers. The Chiefs spoke as they ought to speak: as brave men and as soldiers, ready for orders.

2. The Political Posture

It was on the indispensable foundation of this military firmness that the President displayed to the nation and the world a political stand that was both firm and reasonable. "We have no intention of forgetting our rights or of deserting a free people. Soviet rulers should remember that free men have, before this, died for so-called 'scraps of paper' which represented duty and honor and freedom. . . . We will not retreat one inch from our duty. . . . The risk of war is minimized if we stand firm."

At the same time, "the United States and its allies stand ready to talk with Soviet representatives at any time and under any circumstances which offer prospects of worthwhile results." Yielding, with that proviso, to the wishes—and illusions—of our allies and much of our own public opinion, he added: "Assuming developments that justify a summer meeting at the Summit, the United States would be ready to participate in that further effort."

We must assume that the President remembers his last journey to the Summit—in Geneva, in the summer of 1955—and will not permit himself to go once more through a grinning ritual of sham reconciliation with the gangsters of the Kremlin. If he goes to the Summit on the terms and issues posed by Khrushchev, he will most certainly repeat the farce of Geneva. General Taylor, in a side-paragraph of his Senate testimony, indicated how the West might turn a Summit meeting to the uses of freedom:

"I think we should visualize the problem the Soviets must contemplate in any military operation in East Germany. They are tremendously vulnerable in the satellite area and the consequences of starting any kind of a shooting operation there must look very dangerous to them, indeed."

The future of Germany is inseparable from the future of now captive eastern Europe. If the President goes to the Summit, let him carry in his political knapsack a plain and simple message: for Germany, East and West, and for all the captive nations, the West proposes—freedom.

The Political Viscosity of Oil

The oil policy of the United States is fast becoming such a contradictory mess that the industry is surely due, some day, to go into national receivership: for at the present rate, the time is near at hand when virtually every important oil policy decision will be the government's to make.

What is striking about the present chaos is the conflicting theoretical premises. The government clamps down on oil imports. Why? Because (the claim is made) 1) it is necessary to stimulate domestic oil exploration for patriotic reasons. What if there were a world war, and the domestic oil industry had stagnated as a result of cheap foreign imports?

But if there is a danger of a shortage of oil, shouldn't we 2) consume as much foreign oil as possible and store up domestic supplies? And compensate domestic producers—by, say, parity payments, or instituting an oil bank program?

And then, simultaneously, a bill is introduced in Congress, 3) tacitly backed by some Administration officials, to cut the depletion allowance on oil from 27½ per cent to 15 per cent, a measure which if passed, would have the effect of drastically *reducing* the expensive search for new domestic oil reserves.

Meanwhile, the government has promised that the domestic oil producers' immediate impulse to raise

prices as the natural economic result of the substantial elimination of foreign opposition will be sternly resisted: henceforth, oil prices will be strictly supervised.

Make sense out of all that. As far as we can see, the net effect will be to make petroleum products more expensive to American consumers, enrage foreign countries, jeopardize American overseas investments, and constrict and bureaucratize a once mighty domestic industry. The kind of thing that always happens when conflicting pressure groups bear down on a government determined to satisfy them all.

Voluntarily—or Else

The camel's nose is into the tent. Last summer's National Defense Education Act [NATIONAL REVIEW, August 30, 1958], providing $900 million in loans, fellowships and special grants to public schools to "stimulate" science and mathematics, has paved the way for federal meddling in all aspects of school life. That is the view of several speakers at the recent convention of the American Association of School Administrators in Atlantic City. The Act "has federal control in it," said Dr. Edgar Fuller, executive director of the Council of Chief State School Officers. And it has all the birthmarks of a newborn bureaucracy; *e.g.*, 316 new employees had to be hired to *administer* the program.

In the wake of these remarks came the announcement of a $1.4 million research project, launched last week by the U.S. Office of Education, and based on a series of twenty-six personality, biographical and aptitude tests, to be given to half a million representative students in 1,400 high schools. The next logical step is a national test for all students, a specter bound to haunt the faculty and the curriculum of every high school. With such a test in existence, warned Frederick Raubinger, New Jersey State Commissioner of Education, teachers would teach in preparation for it, and curricula would be adapted to it, "voluntarily or not."

Revolution: Paid in U.S.A.

Last week Fidel Castro continued to play God by ear, to the plaudits and approval of his armed *barbudos* and the growing consternation of the American press. But the game of musical electric chairs which is Latin American politics assumed a larger-than-Cuban importance.

"Spill enough dye in the middle of the Caribbean," said an observer, "and it will color all our shores in a matter of hours." Perhaps nothing comes closer to explaining the communal nervousness of the Caribbean nations in the wake of the "Caracas Conference." Fidel Castro flew to Caracas last January to express his gratitude to Venezuelan President Rómulo Betancourt for arms and aid. Out of that meeting comes an agreement to sponsor revolution against every strong-man government left in Latin America; Castro himself put up money to prime the overthrow of General Rafael Trujillo, leader of the Dominican Republic.

The Caracas Agreement is far more than the bilateral concord of two new leaders. It dramatizes the coming of age of a Latin American cartel—the perennial exiles of the Caribbean. In the splurge of "democratic revolutions," these men have come to power, men like Betancourt, José Figueres of Costa Rica, Salvador Allende of Chile, Manuel Urrutia of Cuba and Arturo Frondizi of Argentina. They speak, of course, a common language, and share a common cultural background. But they have more in common than the Latin American heritage—they have long years of political exile, of clandestine conferences where they sat listening to their arteries harden, discussing and discarding slogans. They are now in power, and they know each other. "One gets the impression," wrote the *New Republic* [March 16], "that Latin American political leadership is now a club affair. . . ." On the agenda: overthrow of Trujillo, of President Luis Somoza of Nicaragua, of Paraguay's Stroessner.

The clubhouse is Caracas, where on February 15, at the inauguration of President Betancourt, a declaration called for the expulsion of the Dominican Republic, Paraguay and Nicaragua from the Organiza-

The Fiftieth Star

From a historical and political perspective, the admission of Hawaii into our national union was inevitable—if not this year, then within a year or two hereafter. There is not much point in carping at the inevitable, but there should perhaps be sober thought as well as a friendly smile in the welcome we give the new sister commonwealth and our new voting citizens.

Granted the weapons systems of our century, the Hawaiian Islands are a strategic necessity to our national security. This was the reason why the Japanese High Command selected Pearl Harbor for initial attack. The Japanese knew that if Hawaii could be put out of action, our basic defense would be breached. As a military base, the Islands *must* be under the control of our government, and have been for more than half a century.

Our relation with the peoples of these islands, both those native to it and those who have come in recent generations, dates back nearly a century and a half. Since 1898 they have been under our political jurisdiction. After recovering from the disastrous first effects of contact with Atlantic civilization—among them a decimation of the native population by imported disease—Hawaii has been developing rapidly in its economy, culture and social organization. Its population and size exceed that of several states. In literacy, wealth and public order it is still further up the scale. Hawaiians have for some years been paying their full tax share to the federal government. They have had their own responsible system of courts, schools, magistrates and local taxation. They have fought beside us in our wars. And almost to a man they have ardently aspired to membership in the Union.

The Inevitable Solution

Under this set of circumstances, to continue to refuse admission would have meant a political and moral relationship incompatible with the American system of government. Individually and as a collectivity the people of Hawaii are by all objective marks ready for responsible citizenship in a free republic. Our government cannot withdraw from the islands, nor would any Hawaiian wish such withdrawal. The only and the inevitable solution is the one that has now been mutually accepted: that Hawaii should become part of our Republic, and her people graduated into the rights—and obligations—of full American citizenship.

But let us also recognize that the admission of Hawaii, though thus inevitable, is a momentous turn in the history of our country. Until last year, our Republic expanded from the original thirteen Atlantic communities by a "natural" overflow into geographically contiguous areas. We grew within our vast but compact continental base; and when new regions were admitted as states, pioneers from the older states had always become the largest and the dominant part of the local population. Both Alaska and Hawaii are separated from our continental domain, Hawaii by two thousand miles of water. Less than a fifth of the Hawaiian population is from continental American stock. The majority is Polynesian and Asian. Ethnically the State of Hawaii is a startling novelty.

Always Westward

In one sense, it is true, the admission of Alaska and Hawaii continue the "manifest destiny" that has been sensed from the beginning of our national history. The new stars we seek are always to the west, and we now soar half way across the Pacific into political waters not yet surely charted. Let us trust that Lindbergh and not Daedalus is the symbolic pilot for our flight.

But with every qualm allowed, and with a particular and immediate worry over the Communist hand that lies so heavy on the Hawaiian labor movement, we may rightly rejoice at the tribute to our system of government expressed in Hawaii's eagerness to become fully one of us. Our nation will not suffer in the eyes of men, or in our own eyes, by the contrast between the free and proud mutual choice through which Hawaii became our fiftieth state, and the brutal terror that thrust the captive puppets into the Soviet prison of peoples.

In summary of the meaning of the world's division, this confrontation will serve accurately enough: *Hawaii—Hungary.*

tion of American States. Caracas radio discharges a bombastic stream of propaganda around the clock throughout the Caribbean area. Bonds are sold on the streets to raise anti-Trujillo funds. Sister nations, like Communist-riddled Honduras, are guaranteed arms and aid when needed.

President Somoza's cry that he is marked for overthrow will fall on deaf ears here in the North. For approaching revolutions are looked upon as certainties. The Latin American revolutionaries, like many of Castro's lieutenants, are Communist-trained. They have studied the guerrilla tactics of Mao Tse-tung's "agrarian reformers." They look Left for inspiration and support. They envision a Colossus of the South, administered by the "Club," a hemispheric power which would displace United States influence as the fact of political life on the American continents. And they can always count on U.S. foreign aid.

AWARE Looks at the Schools

A collection of highly articulate conservatives preached to the converted at AWARE's fifth annual education conference in New York, presided over as usual by the intelligent and attractive Mrs. Lucille Crain—and the question and answer period demonstrated that not all conservatives have been converted to quite the same things.

Students and educators, mostly from Eastern seaboard schools, rose to attack American education for lack of standards, lack of morality, lack of commitment, lack of character, and lack of success. Public schools, they said, have banished all the absolutes, all that is traditional and moral; and substituted a degenerate relativism. The "normative function" of education, noted Dr. Russell Kirk, has been sacrificed to life-adjusters and social engineers springing full-blown from the brow of John Dewey.

Other speakers at the morning session included Dr. Charles H. Connolly, superintendent of Lindenhurst, L.I., schools; Professor Florence Roll of Brooklyn College; Dr. Salvatore Saladino, from Queens College; and Fulton Lewis III, of WJOC, Jamestown, N.Y.

After lunch, the students took over, representing Washington, D.C.'s Dumbarton College, New York University, Hunter College, New York's Yorktown High School, Harvard University, and the University of Minnesota. They talked of the fight to express themselves in their academic communities, of the National Student Association's addiction to Leftist slogans and clichés, of the need for a moral sense in our schools and the need for political consciousness. They cited examples of theatrical conservative success when students were roused from their lethargy —the Harvard Committee for Peaceful Coexistence was infiltrated and transformed into the Harvard Committee Against Appeasement. The University of Minnesota's Republican Club executive board suddenly became identical with the Conservative Club's executive board. "If we can shake off the conservative's natural reticence," said one student, "these things can be done."

And then from the floor the questions began, scattered indiscriminately among students and educators, and the lines began to form. Marc E. Leland of Harvard was belabored by one member of the audience for leading Harvard's exodus from the National Student Association. "It will not improve unless we stay and fight," she said. Dr. Charles Connolly accused conservatives of too often applying the smear-brush with the same sloppiness as the Liberals —and engendered a floor debate of some twenty minutes.

"I'm glad," said one of the student delegates when the conference was over, "that there was that question and answer period. It was sort of dull before then."

Another suggested a future invitation to a dissident Liberal—to give the debate some form or definition.

A third remarked: "It's good to get together under any pretext, to know that there are others elsewhere who agree with you. We've got to work hard, and this is some comfort. And I think things at schools will improve. They certainly can't get worse."

Who's Delinquent?

If you had asked our Miss Briscow, in fourth grade, whether there were any juvenile delinquents in her class, she would have been baffled. She could tell you that this child told lies (especially when scared); that one was a bully; a third had been known to cheat. And she'd tell you what steps she had taken to wean them away from these bad habits which, unless cured (and it's never too soon), could "only mean grief in later life."

Poor Miss Briscow. How hopelessly outdated her yardsticks of behavior seem today when we know the scientific way to pick out a potential delinquent from a crowd of his peers. We know because the National Education Association has told us so. And the NEA knows because it made a study of the question and has come up with five simple tests whereby today's teachers can recognize incipient delinquents (which is what Miss Briscow's "bad boys" and "bad girls" have graduated into in a single generation).

Here's what to look out for: 1) Children who dress flashily and affect "offbeat" haircuts. 2) Children who do poorly in school and miss class often. 3) Children who use expressions such as "ain't." 4) Chil-

dren whose male kin are tattooed. 5) Children whose parents do not belong to organized groups such as parent-teacher associations, women's clubs, the Elks, Lions, Redmen or other lodges.

Life, since Miss Briscow, has grown more complicated. Miss Briscow herself has been supplanted by theories and programs. In the confusion of the times, the NEA has no use for parents who don't conform—whose weekly cycles don't spin from luncheon club to bridge party to PTA. Its brittle little finger points accusingly at families who don't know how or simply can't afford to dress their children in the acceptable uniform for school. And as for the spawn of seafaring men, why, words simply fail.

Behind the Yale Riot

The Stepfatherliness of Mr. Griswold

WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

President Whitney Griswold of Yale University may have succeeded by his actions last week in insuring a cordial reception for himself on his next promenade through downtown New Haven; but around the Yale campus, he will walk as a lonely man. For the undergraduates feel themselves betrayed by their president, and they have so advised him in words that deeply wound, and that only a genuine sense of bereavement could have generated. Two students, a senior and a junior, wrote last week an open letter to Mr. Griswold in the *Yale Daily News*, summarizing the details of the riot. They described the provocations of the Yale students, the reciprocal brutalities of the New Haven police, and the behavior of Mr. Griswold himself, in a letter that ended:

"In need of a leader, we feel ourselves to be without one. In your over-zealous haste to make apologies to the city, you have contributed to the city's misconception of the affair. In an attempt to clear up an unfortunate situation you have complicated it—not intentionally, to be sure. The result is a gross distortion: in the eyes of all who read the New York, Boston and Hartford papers, and all who listen to the radio, your student body, necessarily, has assumed complete guilt for a situation which they created only in part. If our own President has not reflected enough upon the situation before censuring us, how can the townspeople or the nation be expected to do so? We are ashamed of ourselves; but we are also ashamed of the action of the police force of our community, and of the leader of our University."

There are always student riots, and always will be, and they are almost always reprehensible. What is it about the one at Yale that has caught the attention of the entire nation?

To begin with, the circumstances were colorful. A St. Patrick's Day Parade, after a fresh snow. Students throwing snowballs. Police attempting to maintain order, and finally turning on a firehose. Two dozen arrests, with bail fixed at preposterous figures ($500-$1,000). The rhetoric of total dismay by representatives of all parties. The Mayor of New Haven, who before he held his present job was public relations officer for Yale, making the most marvelously evasive and universally satisfying comment conceivable: "I am too upset to make a statement." The President of Yale: "They have brought disgrace upon all of us," followed by the flamboyant disciplinary measure of placing the entire undergraduate body on probation, an atavistic affirmation of collective guilt, recalling the legends of the great flogging masters of the British public schools, who would march in and punish the entire lower school because an unidentified culprit had violated a taboo.

The Press Yellows It Up

And then the press contributed such wholly figmentary elements as latent anti-Catholicism (it was a St. Patrick's Day Parade); fascism (the policemen were greeted by a flying swastika); exuberant carnality (the young ladies of Albertus Magnus college fled the rampant satyriasis of the Yale students. ". . . The marching girls became 'terrified' [reported the *New Haven Register*] . . . Many began to flee the scene and were chased by the students. Two girls reported their coats were torn, and buttons pulled off their apparel by the students." The follow-up by the *Yale Daily News*: "When questioned on the validity of this statement, students at Albertus Magnus declared that they 'were very surprised when they read the comments.' According to one student, 'The general consensus was that this did not happen.' One girl said that one snowball had been thrown, but it did not hit anyone. Most of the girls said that no snowballs were thrown.").

On the other hand, there were evidently many eyewitnesses to the excesses of the rioting policemen.

Wrote one: "A . . . student was hit in the head with a police truncheon 'while going to dinner' . . . A . . . junior, who left his college to find out what was happening, was repeatedly clubbed while obeying police orders to 'get back inside.' The policeman chased him back into the college common room, where a final blow cut a large gash on the student's head. A . . . [college] aide was beaten by four policemen. Some of the students apprehended claim to have been slapped and kicked while in the paddy-wagon." "The testimony of a young faculty member," a *Yale News* editorial reported, "is but one of a growing number of complaints against the members of the New Haven police. After submitting quietly to two officers, he was punched repeatedly in the kidneys as he was hustled to a paddy-wagon . . . many of us were present and saw the outrageous actions of some policemen . . . Some injured students were taken to a hospital, others were treated at the Yale infirmary."

What brought it all on? In the students, spring fever. In the policemen, deep resentment of interference with their duties by a class of people whom they tend to consider pampered, parasitic, and overprivileged. In the president of Yale, 1) the schoolmasterish presumption that, in a dispute with their elders, the students are wrong, 2) the impetus of an obsequious tradition of university officials toward townspeople; the fruit of an inverse snobbery watered by, 3) a growing concern over the city's discretionary powers of tax assessment of such of the University's facilities as are not unambiguously devoted to education; in the case of Yale, for example, the tense issue of how much the city is entitled to tax the new million-dollar skating rink.

The Forces at Work

Spring fever is not necessarily to be indulged beyond the point where it becomes a public nuisance. The President of Yale could not have been criticized and would not have been, it seems clear, had he announced his firm determination to expel from college every student caught contributing to the public disorder. What was missing, in the circumstances, was the complementary declaration: "However, I pledge the resources of Yale University, moral, legal and financial, to the prosecution of any member of the New Haven police force who abuses his authority by committing an unnecessary act of violence on a member of the Yale community."

A university president has patriarchal responsibilities, and it is pathetic to see students having to remind him of the fact. The distortions of policy that have resulted in the past years from the chronic insolvency of higher education have been widely remarked. They have made for an entrenched hypocrisy in the relations of the university with its alumni, each one of whom is as clearly a "mark" as ever comes within the sights of professional confidence men. Toward every whim of the alumnus, the educator must simulate a foppish concern, affecting a deep, and totally hypocritical, interest in his views on every aspect of university policy. Toward the authorities of the local tax assessment office, and those by whom they are influenced—toward the local body politic—university authorities feel the need to preserve a servile posture of deference. In their relations with alumni the universities have developed consummate skills, and year after year succeed in doing exactly as they like, while persuading the alumni that the progress of the higher understanding is being wrought at meetings of alumni councils. Plain folk are not so easy to con: for students are untrained emissaries of the higher purposes of university diplomacy. A single collision with student sass collapses the shaky foundations built on a hypocritical relationship between town and gown.

The universities should pay their taxes: and demand their rights. Among these is the right of students to suffer less than a cracked skull in retribution for a misdirected snowball. Make the students toe the line. They must be taught to behave. But they need not be victimized by complex sociological and financial relationships which have no bearing on good behavior. The undergraduate body of Yale is not likely to be shriven by the recent experience. Guilty though they know themselves to be, they feel they are pawns in a large and cynical game.

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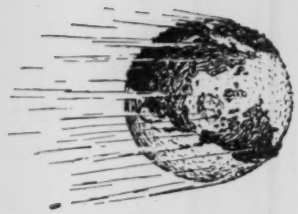

Khrushchev's Plan for Germany

JAMES BURNHAM

Stalin concluded his *Foundations of Leninism* with a chapter on the Bolshevik "style of work." We may add that in polities, as in other fields of creative activity, individual styles can also be distinguished. Though manifestly belonging to the same "school," Nikita Khrushchev's personal style differs markedly from his master's.

Stalin was slow to make up his mind. He did not begin overt action until he knew just what he wanted to do and had painstakingly completed all preparations. He then moved with crushing, ponderous rigidity toward his objective. Stalin seldom made public statements, and almost never talked about what he was going to do in the future. Often he would let six months or more go by without any comment at all on international affairs.

His successor's habitual way is in striking contrast. There is hardly a day without a pronunciamento from Khrushchev. The voluble new Secretary is ready to talk to anyone, anywhere, about almost anything. Khrushchev just likes to talk, even when he is not quite sure what he is talking about. Raising his vodka glass, he ad libs along in grinning disregard of what he said last week or might want to say next week.

It is not only the words that are sometimes ad libbed. In political actions, also, Khrushchev seems to plan with less care and completeness than Stalin, to leave more scope for improvisation, and to be readier to shift abruptly in midcourse. Often he uses his high-pressure talk to inflate trial balloons by the drift of which he steers a line of action not thought through beforehand.

Undoubtedly Khrushchev has debased his words by too frequent emission. Thrice he has contradicted himself on Tito, and twice, for that matter, on Stalin. He has doubled back and forth on agricultural policy. He bellowed dire threats against NATO nations that might set up IRBM bases, and did nothing when the threats were disregarded. He swore that Soviet power would not stand idly by if U. S. troops entered the Middle East, but gave no orders when the Marines landed in Lebanon. He pledged Peiping all aid on Quemoy, but gave none when the Seventh Fleet stripped for action in the Formosa Strait. Khrushchev, in short, illustrates the old rule that when a man keeps his mouth open all the time he is bound to put his foot in it.

The Berlin Ultimatum

On November 10 last, at a Moscow reception in honor of Polish Premier Gomulka, Khrushchev first sounded off on Berlin and Germany. On November 27 he sent a note to the United States, Britain and France proposing to make Berlin a "free city," and declaring that unless some such arrangement were agreed to "within six months" he would turn over to East Germany the control of the corridors into Berlin.

This note of November 27 was generally considered a Soviet "ultimatum" stating specific terms with a May 27, 1959 deadline. Interpreting it as an expression of the Khrushchev "political style," I would be surprised if it was so intended. Certainly Khrushchev wanted to "do something" to plug the Berlin hole in the Iron Curtain and brake the arming of West Germany. But I doubt that he had figured out exactly *what* he wanted to do, or could do. (Settling the German problem is a pretty tall order, from whichever direction you look at it.) And I would guess that he named a "six months" period in the vague way one promises to lunch with someone in "a couple of weeks."

Nothing Khrushchev has done since November, and none of the myriad conflicting things he has said, suggests that he had a detailed advance plan or has one now. He threw his stink bomb, and has figured his subsequent moves by watching the reaction. What could have thrown him really off balance would have been total silence from the Western leaders.

When you come right down to it, nobody is going to start a general nuclear war on the issue of which set of minor bureaucrats stamps transit papers and pushes the stop-light buttons on the Berlin Autobahn.

A Stall in Time

Khrushchev, granted, is very, very unhappy about the West Berlin leak and the prospect of nuclear weapons in the hands of the NATO-allied West Germany. He wants to stop the leak and the arming, but he has no intention, at this time, of going to war about it. Nor does he believe he has to. For the moment, he is reconnoitering, feinting, pushing. If his opponent gets scared, Khrushchev can have what he wants soon and easily. If not, he can clinch—can tangle the opponent in an endless series of notes, threats, negotiations and what not that will at least stall the military-geopolitical resurgence of West Germany.

And to stall for a couple of years is all that Khrushchev believes is really needed. The primary focus of his Bolshevik eye is not on May 27, 1959 nor on war over the Berlin corridor, but on the Western political outlook for 1960-61. What he sees is a British general election in 1960, with the Conservatives replaced by a Labor government under Hugh Gaitskell, with Aneurin Bevan as Foreign Minister; the U.S. delivered to the Democrats in January 1961, with a foreign policy guided by the ideas of George Kennan, Hubert Humphrey, Adlai Stevenson and William Fulbright; the withdrawal, in 1960 or 1961, of Konrad Adenauer from West German politics, with a takeover by the Social Democrats under Erich Ollenhauer.

Why should Khrushchev fight in 1959 to get his way over Germany when the men who—he believes—will be running the Western show by 1961 have already promised to give him what he wants? They have put their promise on public record at home. And they have penetrated the Iron Curtain—Bevan and Gaitskell followed by Stevenson and Humphrey, and most recently by Ollenhauer—to give private assurance.

So what does Khrushchev have to worry about?

The Challenge of Inflation

Why are we menaced by ruinous inflation? Because, says a former member of Congress, the American people have lost control of a spendthrift government

HOWARD BUFFETT

"Lenin is said to have declared that the best way to destroy the Capitalist System was to debauch the currency. By a continuing process of inflation, governments can confiscate, secretly and unobserved, an important part of the wealth of their citizens."

JOHN MAYNARD KEYNES

The top protagonists of Communism, Lenin and Stalin, recognized America as the key stronghold of capitalism and individual liberty. If they were alive today, how would they regard the situation in the U.S.? It requires little imagination to conclude that they would be well satisfied. For our government is herding us down the road to inflation, debauching the currency, devaluing the savings of the people, and thus undermining the economic, political and moral foundations on which the nation was built. Unpleasant as this appraisal may sound, it is buttressed by sobering evidence.

One event of 1957 illustrates the gravity of the situation. The President sent a budget to Congress calling for the expenditure of $72 billion in the fiscal year beginning July 1 of that year—a budget 80 per cent larger than that of his Democratic predecessor, President Truman, just ten years earlier.

A grass-roots protest quickly spread across America against the spending plans of the Administration, totaling $200 million dollars a day for every day of the year. Thousands of letters and telegrams poured into the offices of congressmen and senators, demanding a substantial reduction in federal spending. Veteran Capital reporters, who had seen previous economy drives blossom and fade, were amazed at the size and duration of the taxpayers' protest of 1957. The immediate result was that leaders in both parties solemnly pledged that federal spending would be reduced.

That was the promise. What was the performance?

Instead of going down, federal spending went up! During the fiscal year ended June 20, 1958, it came to almost $72 billion—$2,463 million in excess of spending during the previous fiscal year. A $2,800 million deficit was recorded. These figures show the futility of letter-writing campaigns as a defense against inflationary spending.

Pressure Groups

What explains this failure? The simple truth seems to be that the American people have lost control over their government. Both political parties are no longer responsible to the people. Instead they are subservient to pressure groups which profit from socialist spending policies that depress the value of the dollar.

What is more important, in the process the lights of human liberty in America are going out one by one. That is the history of the inflation sequence: liberty disappears simply because the vast majority become in one way or another dependent on government favors or subsidies. That is the danger, and that is the prospect unless conservative leadership develops an effective cure for inflation and makes national acceptance of that cure the paramount goal of all its political efforts.

The words "paramount goal" mean just that. Those who defend continuing inflation plead the hostility between the United States and Russia. We are brainwashed into believing that unrestrained spending at home and overseas is the necessary answer to the Russian threat. Yet the actual truth seems to be that inflation, unless it is soon brought under control, will lead to a complete victory for Communism in America — whether from within or without is of little importance.

If this forecast seems too alarmist, let us consider our recent history and our present prospect.

In 1933 our government repudiated the gold standard, and thus eliminated the decisive bulwark that had historically prevented disastrous governmental inflation. In another unprecedented action it repudiated and outlawed a basic freedom—the right of the American citizen to own gold. This action placed us in strange company. At that time, among major nations, only Russia, Germany and Italy forbade private ownership of gold. Stalin, Hitler and Mussolini had each called in all the gold (aside from that in jewelry and other non-monetary uses) that was in private hands.

Twenty-five years have passed since then. During this period the cost of living has risen until today it is well over 200 per cent higher than in 1933. And a new and frightening spiral of inflation has already taken shape.

Dr. Howard Kershner recently made a study of the record of irredeemable paper currencies in many lands. He found none that retained any semblance of the original value longer than 42 years—that was the outside limit. We have had growing inflation for 25 years. If history repeats itself, the value of our irredeemable dollar will approach zero by 1975.

A New Look

To be sure, our great productive system suggests a slower deterioration in America. On the other hand, never were the floodgates of inflation opened to the world as they are here. Congress today, frightened by the late 1957 business downturn, is eagerly pushing old schemes and concocting new ones to step up inflation *via* the issuance of bonds and government guarantees. Generally these have a

(*Continued on p.* 616)

Letter from the Continent

E. v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

The Intellectual Crisis in Russia

The Soviets are attacking once more to achieve two things; another humiliating retreat of the West, and a bolstering of the spirit of their own subjects. A certain limited buoyancy is noticeable among the Russian masses, whose living standards have risen in the last two years and who have been enthralled by the advances made in the field of rockets and planetary missiles. Yet the further one climbs on the intellectual scale, the greater the skepticism, the opposition, and the criticism. Novels like *The Thaw*, *Not By Bread Alone*, or *Dr. Zhivago* are external signs of what is going on deep inside Russia.

In truly Continental Europe the writer, the thinker, the poet always count in the long run. The French (1789), the Russian (1917), the Spanish (1931), and the Hungarian (1956) revolutions all had their literary harbingers. The revolution in Hungary was unquestionably started by literary circles, in particular one periodical (*Irodalmi Ujság*), and then was "taken over" by the universities. The Parliament of Poland, the *Sejm*, reverberates with furious discussions on literary problems in which the Catholic deputies of the *Znak* group represent what we over here call the "liberal viewpoint."

The "Thaw" Refreezes

The restlessness in the intellectual and artistic circles of the Soviet Union is keenly felt by the Kremlin. Though Khrushchev is not *by nature* interested in artistic and intellectual currents, he has too much of a Russian-Ukrainian background not to sense the crucial importance of these currents in his dominion. Back in 1954 he directed his attention mainly to the liberal evolution of Russian literature which had got "out of hand" under Malenkov's relatively benevolent rule. Few things provide more rewarding reading than the minutes of the Second Congress of the Writers of the Soviet Union, held in December 1954. (The first had taken place in 1934 under the chairmanship of the uncouth Zhdanov; the writers had had quite enough for the next twenty years.) In the final sessions Khrushchev appeared in person and pulled wires most energetically. He naturally had his own way, though not entirely, in the elections of the board of directors and the secretariat.

Thus the "thaw" in the literary field came to an end, or almost to an end. The first thunderbolts against the new liberty were hurled as early as July and August 1954. The year 1957 was characterized by a wave of unrest in the universities. And we can rest assured that the "Pasternak case" is by no means the end of the story. Besides the official literature in Russia, printed and published by the various state enterprises, there exists an unofficial literature of stencilled and typewritten texts. When Pasternak, about ten years ago, read some of his "unpublished" poems to the workers of the Putilov factory in Leningrad he dropped a few sheets, and while he paused to pick them up, the workers rose and continued to recite the verses in chorus. They had been copied at an earlier date and had become common property. (During a debate I had with a group of visitors from the Supreme Soviet, in Austria, back in 1956, they scored once when they mentioned that Russian workers read classics, whereas Austrian workers read little and what little they read is mostly of an inferior order. I did point out some of the reasons the classics would attract Russian workers more than contemporary novels.)

At present the cultural propaganda campaign against the West has been stepped up to turn the tremendous tide of intellectual interest in Western thought, Western art, and Western ways of living. In this line of defense Poland is the weakest spot, for here repression has broken down. And Polish periodicals which reach the USSR can be read by many with linguistic intuition since Polish does not differ more from Russian than does Italian from French. (The Russian edition of a Polish art monthly caused a wave of protest two years ago, as it was considered by Moscow authorities to be a diabolical work of "revisionist" infiltration.) Yet, reading the various articles in the literary periodicals, one sees that the writers have been told to give their readers the "lowdown" on Western culture and that they both deftly and clumsily try to fulfill their obligations.

Liberalization and Revolt

What political deduction can be drawn from this state of affairs? Have not the masses in the USSR more to eat? Are they not more literate than ever before? Has not higher education been vastly improved? This "progress" does not exactly work *for* the Soviets. Contrary to the belief of Western materialists, it is not the desperately hungry who fight on the barricades, but men who are moderately well fed and who have a certain amount of time to reflect. The French, the Russian, the Hungarian, the Spanish revolutions did not start in moments of economic crisis. France in 1789 was in the midst of great prosperity; the Hungarians revolted after two years of steady "liberalization" in all sectors; in 1917 the wages of the Russian workers were higher than ever before. Too much work and too few calories result in a concentration on the problem of survival—not in the dynamism of a revolution. Too much education gives people "ideas." The Continental European is not easily indoctrinated, and too much indoctrination soon boomerangs.

As we see, the present intellectual situation is politically crucial. It makes the men in the Kremlin nervous. The artificial satellites amuse the naive, but they are of a technological order and do not allay the intellectual and artistic restlessness of the country. Hence the increased activity in the Cold War, the direct attacks against the free nations which harbor the hidden idols of the Russian intelligentsia. It may sound curious, but the Soviets, in a subtle way, are cornered. A cornered animal is dangerous.

British Make-Work Takes a Blow

When the British Left insisted on a law to forbid price-fixing by industry, it failed to foresee the resulting competition for jobs as well as markets

COLM BROGAN

On January 26 an unobtrusively planted time bomb exploded under British industry. The detonation stirred little excitement over most of the country but the results will be drastic enough, and this may well be the first of a series of explosions calculated to give the British economy the severest shaking-up it has had for a generation.

Acting within the terms of a law governing restrictive practices, Mr. Justice Devlin ordained that the Lancashire cotton industry must abandon price-fixing and return to open competition. The Act, which is a Conservative measure, was passed under heavy pressure from the Left, who never tired of denouncing the selfish restrictive measures by which employers secured the maximum profit for themselves with the minimum efficiency and effort. Case after case was quoted of allegedly competitive firms submitting tenders which were the same down to the last penny. The customer, of course, the ordinary citizen, had to pay. No wonder the cost of living stayed obstinately high.

The Act which the Conservatives did pass in the end was scornfully dismissed as a mere face-saver which would hardly incommode the monopolists, much less smash their monopolies. Something much more drastic was required, something which no Big Business government would ever introduce. That was the Socialist cry —until Mr. Justice Devlin laid down the law, and the cry abruptly ceased.

For the lamentations of the spokesmen for the employers were no greater than the lamentations of the spokesmen for the employees. It became painfully clear that if Lancashire cotton was a carve-up, both sides of the industry were helping themselves to the slices.

Mr. Devlin did not deny that his decisions would have painfully adverse effects on an industry already in difficulties. Mills have been closed and the breaking of the monopoly will close still more. Not only will there be unemployment for the time being, but there will be a permanent contraction of a historic industry.

Not Bargained For

The judge accepted these inevitable consequences, and in that lies the importance of his finding. For the law which he interpreted permits the continuance of monopoly practices which can be shown to be in the public interest. The judge decided it was not in the public interest that Lancashire cotton should preserve an obsolete pattern of trade at the cost of efficiency and at the expense of the customers for cotton goods.

If a brutal capitalist is forced to abandon his nefarious tricks, he will suffer. But the honest proletarians who work for him are also likely to suffer. This fact was well understood by union leaders, but not by the rank and file, who had a vague feeling that the effect of anti-monopoly activity should be to reduce bloated dividends and nothing more. A reduction in the number of jobs available was something they had not bargained for. Adam Smith said that the private arrangements of merchants constituted a conspiracy against the public, but the contemporary British conspiracy is the private arrangements between employers and the unions.

A large number of the British working class have come to believe that a job is an end-in-itself, not to be judged by the nature or quality or amount of the work that goes with it. A job justifies itself by the mere fact that it gives a man a wage and keeps him off the dole. Even if these men could be shown that a large number of uneconomic jobs must inevitably reduce the general level of prosperity and damage Britain's competitive position, that would be accepted as the price of full employment.

In the election of 1950 I spoke for Earl Attlee's parliamentary opponent and pointed out that much of the propaganda issued by the Central Office of Information was inept and useless and a waste of public funds. One of my audience was very angry with me. He said he had an extra part-time job distributing some of the leaflets I had condemned. When I asked him if he really thought the leaflets were any good, he was genuinely puzzled and replied "Well, they're good for me." He had a job-in-itself and he would still have regarded that job as socially valuable if he had been handing out blank sheets.

Featherbedding, British Style

The manufacture of jobs has become an important British industry. Sometimes it is done by the simplest devices. The man at Smithfield market who carries a side of beef to the tailboard of a van must on no account load it on. That is a separate operation requiring an extra man. There are engine drivers who spend half their notional working day driving an engine and the other half traveling back as passengers. A young student who got a temporary job with the Post Office was put to loading mail-bags on to a van. He picked up two and heaved them on board, but a veteran operator tapped him on the shoulder and said kindly but firmly, "One at a time, son. And *drag* 'em."

Union leaders have to go about their holy task of making work with a little more sophistication. Thus, when a local education committee decided to start classes in home carpentry and decoration, there was immediate resistance, but on two levels. The rank and file union men bluntly said that householders should be

made to employ tradesmen whether they liked it or not—or could afford it or not. But the union spokesmen were more high-minded. They said that these do-it-yourself schemes were a threat to our high tradition of craftsmanship and must therefore be opposed for the sake of the common good.

"Craftsmanship" has some curious interpretations. It is not easy to believe that the process of washing down a wall requires a long course of preliminary training, but there are hospitals in which the walls are not washed above the height to which a human arm can stretch. Above that level the grime gathers, for if nurses attempt to do the job themselves the hospital painters threaten to strike. Wall washing is a skilled job and no nurse or ward orderly must be allowed to risk life or limb by standing on a step ladder. If the grime-encrusted walls constitute a threat to the health of the patients (which they certainly do), that is another matter.

It is difficult to see who gains by this practice, for hospitals simply cannot afford to pay tradesmen to wash the walls as often as they should be washed. So they remain dirty. But it is significant that the Ministry of Health supports the stand of the union men. Here again, employers and employed are in quiet concord against the interests of the public.

Fresh Air

These scattered examples are meant merely to indicate an economic atmosphere. Into this Mr. Justice Devlin has admitted a very cold draft, and he has set a precedent which will be followed. He has thrown out of court the tacit assumption accepted both by workers and management which has made all kinds of wasteful and extortionate practices seem morally acceptable and even necessary.

Reality has also, and at long last, broken into the mining industry, where the philosophy of the job-in-itself has been carried almost to the last extreme, especially in South Wales. The Coal Board, which has been staggering for years under mountainous losses, has been compelled to order the closure of a number of pits. The logic of the job-in-itself had reached the Mad Hatter stage when the Board was paying to have unsaleable coal dug out of the ground and then was paying to have the coal put back again into the ground, in quarries which the Board had rented. The pits chosen for closure have nearly all an astonishingly bad record for production, but the men, or some of them, consider it an outrage that a pit should be closed, even if the cost of producing the coal is three times the price that can be got for it—if any price can be got at all. For years the men of the Steer pit in South Wales appeared to apply their craftsmanship to the task of digging up the minimum conceivable quantity of coal. The miners were full of technical reasons to explain why this particular pit could not be expected to produce more than it did. But in the end the Coal Board lost patience and said the pit must close. Production rose by 800 per cent. This did not last, of course, and now the pit is finally doomed.

In the mining industry the party is over because the economic consequences of the job-in-itself have brought their own retribution by driving consumers to alternative fuels. But in true monopolies where alternatives are not available, the consumer is more or less helpless unless the monopoly is broken. That is the true significance of Mr. Justice Devlin's decision. What can be done with cotton can be done with many another industry. It will be uncomfortable for masters and uncomfortable for men, but it will be a first step towards restoring a consumer's economy, and a first step away from silent socialism.

THE CHALLENGE OF INFLATION

(*Continued from p.* 613)

New Look so as not to remind the citizenry of the PWA and WPA of the Rooseveltian era.

One example of federal inflation is the gigantic highway-building scheme called the Interstate Highway System. This multi-billion-dollar outlay resembles Hitler's *Autobahn* project of the late thirties. Another is the country-wide federal building program, financed by guarantees to private capital so that the outlays do not appear in the public debt. This pattern was used by Mussolini two decades ago. No wonder columnist Dorothy Thompson once exclaimed: "This country is moving towards state capitalism (along with the rest of the world) and Communism is just state capitalism with longer experience."

Restore the Gold Standard

The mounting inflation since 1933, and the collapse of fiscal responsibility in government, should convince any thoughtful conservative that "managed irredeemable money" is the road to totalitarianism, here as elsewhere, and that it is imperative that we find an effective cure. Unless someone has a better answer, restoration of the gold standard would seem the intelligent solution. When the people can demand gold for paper money, the government cannot long spend irresponsibly. If it does so, its gold holdings will disappear and its borrowing power will end.

How can we get back on the gold standard?

The answer is obvious. Congress took us off the gold standard. Only Congress can again make our currency redeemable in gold.

Of course Congress will not, of its own volition, restore the gold standard. Congress will always talk economy, and it may even set up another OPA to regiment us again as inflation gets worse. But it will not voluntarily restore the gold standard, for politicians take the course of least resistance—and today that means "just one more round" of inflation.

The gold standard will be restored only if American citizens make it clear that they will drive from office all elective officials who will not face up to this issue promptly and courageously. This means either to make our currency redeemable in gold, or to legislate an alternative cure for inflation, if there be one. In the absence of such action, the bipartisan tactics of tranquilizing talk about economy and stabilizing the cost of living will continue until state capitalism, the refined label for Communism, has completely engulfed us.

That tragedy need not happen, It will not happen if American conservatives have the wisdom to concentrate their patriotic efforts on the decisive issue—sound money. Victory on this battlefront is the key to America's future as a free land.

Why I Quit Teaching

Schools of education teaching nothing; empty courses; mercenary teachers; indifferent students: here are some of the reasons why a would-be teacher abandoned his chosen work

MICHAEL CALLAGHAN

My experience in teaching is limited; however, in the course of the past eighteen months I taught a full academic year in a high school and a summer session in college. Now I have left the field of teaching forever.

The reason why I have decided to switch careers is not, as most teachers would have you believe, financial. The pay in teaching is generally very good—excellent for a beginner, tremendous for the run-of-the-mill teacher.

My first disillusionment with teaching as a life's work came with my education for the profession. Much has been written about the utter lack of intellectual content of the courses in "professional education" offered by every university's school of education, the specialty of the numerous teachers' colleges which dot the American landscape. Much can still be written. The public is not yet aware of the intellectual suicide involved in preparation for the teaching profession—or the public does not care.

I found these education courses to be fantastically redundant, nearly always formless, and, what is most unfortunate, substituted for the foreign language required for graduation by liberal arts colleges. It is not likely that the English teacher in your local high school has studied a foreign language; it is not likely that he knows much about English either.

I was not disillusioned by "professional education" courses in my undergraduate years, as many are; I did not take them. I registered for the liberal arts curriculum—it had everything the professional education curriculum did not have: foreign languages (I learned two), and a broad, truly liberal education which included courses in every department in the college—science, music, art, mathematics, etc.

In graduate work, after military service, I was required to take the "rofessional education" courses I had bypassed in order to prepare myself for my chosen profession. The law, remarkably uniform in all the states, forces prospective teachers to sit in these courses in order to qualify for the certificate given by a state office upon the payment of $5 and the presentation of one's college credits.

Learning by Sitting

It is doubtful whether anyone will learn how to teach by sitting in education courses. Typical of these courses is that entitled "Audio-Visual Education," which is required by many states for certification. Where I attended school, it consisted of four lectures a week for twelve weeks by a gentleman with the grandiose title, Director of Public Relations, and was wholly devoted to learning how to operate a motion picture projector (a job which in actual teaching is taught to an eighth-grader in five minutes and delegated to him for the rest of the school year). This course gave four quarter-hours of credit. Such courses as calculus, anatomy, counterpoint, and accounting—courses with content and challenge—also give four quarter-hours of credit.

In another course, "Evaluation in the High School," I learned that marking should be based on the student's ability, not on his performance. For example, if three students each make a score of 70 in a test, the student with the IQ of 140 should be given a *C* (he didn't try), the student whose IQ is average (100) a *B*; and the poor "slow-learner" with an IQ of 80, an *A* (he tried real hard). This sounds very slick, but try to justify the *C* to the bright student after he and the dunce compare papers: you have an incipient blackboard jungle. It is obvious that academic standards simply disappear in this kind of high school. Both the slow student and the bright one get the same diploma—in fact Slow John might even be valedictorian if he garners enough *A*'s by trying real hard. I am willing to bet that the high school around your corner operates like this.

Other courses such as "The Secondary School" and "The Secondary School Curriculum" are noteworthy. You might wonder what is the difference between these two courses. There is no practical difference. Both were filled with the same vagaries ensconced in a queer "professional" jargon devised by the educationists to mystify the laity. The education student collects four quarter-hours for each of these courses. Incidentally, the liberal arts student busily memorizing irregular German verbs gets four quarter-hours credit for his efforts too.

Actual teaching is utterly unrelated to the preparation given in schools of education. The competence demonstrated by the student of education, that of sitting in a chair, is simply not usable in the high school.

Professional Jester

A successful high school teacher nowdays has got to be first of all a clown. The only way to keep the students' interest is to amuse them. A teacher who does not have a ready wit, who can not do all kinds of attention-getting tricks, is lost. Each day I thought up little puzzles, innocuous jokes, cartoons to draw on the blackboard, stories to tell—anything to prevent the rebellion, which I found seething in the heart of every student, from breaking out. A high school class, whether you realize it

or not, is the perfect embodiment of the mob spirit. Where does subject matter come in? We had some all right —nothing very deep or complicated— but enough to fill in between jokes. Our textbooks were nothing. Ask the next high schooler you meet to show you his textbooks; I am sure you will agree—nothing.

Of course, a high school teacher can take the other tack: he can rule his class with an iron hand and really try to teach something, but that means fighting it out with each student. Teachers who work their charges too hard are unpopular and do not get their contracts renewed. People who like to punch other people are generally not attracted to the teaching profession. Those who teach by force—well, mama and papa are notoriously eager to pick up some extra change by slapping lawsuits on pedagogues so foolhardy as to whack the innocent little darlings. Changing jobs each year or being sued are not ways to wealth.

Catch-All for Failures

In my lifetime I have never met people more money-conscious than the members of a high school faculty. I once worked in a large, first-class hotel. My fellow workers, generally much poorer in formal education than teachers, were interested in money— everyone is to some extent—but they didn't live, sleep, and breathe it as my high school colleagues did. There seems to be no sense of dedication left in the schools except in a few old odd-balls. The teachers want cash, and plenty of it. They constantly talk about it at faculty meetings, in class to the students, and to the general public who hold the purse strings. The reason why these mercenaries are in teaching, which has been an underpaid profession since the time of Socrates, is simply this: it offers the best money they could possibly make anywhere. Teaching has become the catch-all for failures in every field—a young man studying engineering flunks out and automatically transfers to "professional education" where *nobody* flunks. It is a pattern. A large university with which I am familiar has not failed a candidate for the degree of Master of Arts in Education since its school of education opened.

The administrator of a school is an interesting figure. Where I taught, that well-paid luminary, who had prepared himself for his high position not by demonstrating his ability but by majoring in "Educational Administration" in college, was the "Superintendent of Schools" (even though there was only one school in the town). His principal duty seemed to be to convince the townspeople that he was running a fine school well worth the money spent for it. My first lesson in practical administration came after the school had been in session several months. I had sent an incorrigible fourteen-year-old to the office for disciplinary action. In a short time I was called out of class and informed that ejecting a child from class was a confession of failure. The child's parents could not control him any better than I, but I was not to show him the door again because his papa was mayor and quite well-to-do. The young smart-alec was exonerated and I was incidentally given to understand that the string of *F*'s I had been giving him did not look well downtown. I saw the light and gave him *C*'s for the rest of the year. It's hard for a grown man to kowtow to a child, let alone a brat, but I did— in fact I did such a good job of kowtowing that later in the year the lad even gave me a ride in his souped-up sport car.

Mrs. Grundy does not reign supreme as she once did, but she is still around. Teachers in my town were expected to make all major purchases in town, especially large items—for example a new car, even if a better deal could be had in the next town. They were supposed to kick in large chunks of their salaries for such items as new hospitals, etc. It seemed as if the community paid your salary and then did everything short of beating you over the head to get it back. The teachers who spent weekends away from the town were uncharitably called "suitcase teachers" by the ladies' clubs and were roundly denounced by the Association of Commerce. I was supposed to do my drinking and smoking secretly. The students did theirs publicly.

But the most killing part of teaching is the work: I taught six classes in English a day, had charge of the school library, was play director, junior class advisor in charge of the prom, and to top it all had charge of commencement. Not even a coffee break in all this! The most murderous regimen is extra-curricular activity. It is obvious that the students neither want such activity (except athletics) nor have the energy for it. With the help of three students I built the props for the ball, with the same three the play sets. At each rehearsal I would spend the first ten minutes on the telephone begging my eager actors to show up.

An interesting sidelight on this problem of extra-curricular activities is the difficulty experienced by colleges. Nowadays nearly all colleges must pay their journalism staffs in order to be able to continue to have college yearbooks and newspapers. Father used to do this work for nothing—not junior.

Parents at Fault

The immediate question that probably comes to your mind is, Who is responsible for this deplorable state of affairs? The answer is, *you*. We Americans, with our shoddy morals, our overwhelming desire for comfort, and our slovenly mentalities must take responsibility for the condition of our educational system. Children reflect their parents.

A drunken senior spat in a town policeman's face the night before high school graduation. What happened to him? Nothing. He graduated the same as anybody else and now, diploma in hand, has taken his place in the world. When some students were arrested Halloween night for vandalism, the town lawyer rushed to their defense. "There is too much picking on the high school students by the police," he alleged, and got the case dismissed. The youngsters really laughed about that.

Most educators will tell you that more cash will solve everything. They declare that teachers are underpaid, which is not true, and that new buildings are needed, which is true. However, even in the finest, most airy classroom if there is no respect for the teacher there is no education— but how can you expect children to respect teachers when they do not respect their own parents? I quit teaching because I lost respect for myself. I hope to regain it in business.

Letter from Cuba

Fidel Castro Comes Aboard

IRENE CORBALLY KUHN

Something new has been added here. The tourists don't come to see Fidel Castro; Fidel comes to see the tourists.

Just a few hours before the cruise ship *Berlin* was scheduled to sail, a Cuban patrol boat came alongside. I had heard the siren and knew an official boat was about, so I hauled myself up and poked my head through the porthole. The tall figure ascending the ship's ladder certainly looked like Castro, but it hardly seemed likely that the boss of Cuba would be coming aboard a visiting foreign ship without fanfare or invitation.

To be sure, I waited until the man was directly under me. Then I shouted a loud, "Hi, there!" and he reacted predictably, looking up. It was Castro, all right. No one who had ever seen a photograph of that strangely handsome dark, bearded face with the Tom Dewey-like space between the front teeth, the classical nose and the hypnotic, burning eyes would mistake him. I jumped down and went out into the corridor, taking my place at the head of the stairs from the deck below. Castro's men were leading the way. I made an educated guess that they were continuing on up to the bar two decks above, for a few of these *Barbudos* had been roaming the ship all day, talking with passengers, and had long since discovered the bar.

As Castro disappeared toward the Promenade Deck, startled stewards came to life and notified Captain Heinrich Lorenz, on the bridge. By the time he reached the bar the handful of astonished passengers there had stood Castro and his men to their first round of drinks.

The autograph hounds converged on Castro, shoving menus, bar slips, envelopes, cocktail napkins, even Kleenex, into his hands for his signature. Someone gave him a pen, and he signed and signed and signed while Cuban photographers whanged away with their flashguns.

Castro remained to eat a six-course dinner, and while he was dining I asked one of his naval aides what had brought him aboard. The visit was prompted solely by impulse, the aide said. Castro had been cruising around the harbor with them and had spied the brightly lighted ship lying at anchor. When he learned she was a German vessel, he decided he'd like to go aboard and sample some real German beer.

Guests with Firearms

The excitement churned up by his unexpected visit lasted long after he had gone ashore. He had been slapped on the back by hearty, celebrity-loving Americans who had long since forgotten that he had ever said that "200,000 Gringos will die" if the U.S. sent Marines to Cuba. He had circulated among the dancers on deck and let himself be photographed with everyone by everyone. Several of his Fidelistas remained to dance with young women passengers.

The Fidelistas' dancing is straight out of the jungle. So, indeed, are these little men in their green khaki fatigue uniforms with the kepi-like caps, who look almost like bearded ladies as they roam the streets of Havana with their rifles slung across their shoulders. The Fidelistas visiting the *Berlin* with their leader stacked a formidable array of weapons—machine guns, rifles and the like—outside the dining room and did not reclaim them until they were ready to go ashore. But not one of them ever took off the side arms which are as much a part of them as the jungle-grown beards they seem so reluctant to shave off. Those beards were to stay until the revolution was won. Now they mark the victors; and the victors like the adulation, applause and attention the beards bring them. There are so many beards in Havana today that one suspects not all of them are real aged-in-the-woods whiskers of the Sierra Maestre days of guerrilla fighting.

The whimsical visit of Castro and his men to the *Berlin* is typical of the impetuous nature of the rebel leader. The undisputed qualities of leadership which were so valuable in running a revolution are not balanced by sufficient experience, judgment or realistic knowledge for wise government. Castro today is the idol of his people. But the Cubans are volatile and today's hero is just as likely to be tomorrow's bum.

Revolutionary ideals and practical economics have somehow to be reconciled. Already, Castro's brave bid to outlaw gambling has failed. The rapidly falling exchange rate, the rising discontent of jobless restaurant and casino workers, caused Castro to rescind the order. Gambling is going full blast again.

Fever Has Not Cooled

The last word has not been spoken in the Cuban revolt. There is a fever still in Cuba which the blood-letting in the Sierra Maestre and in the Hippodrome of Havana has not cooled. Beggars importune the slowly-returning tourists, night and day; eight-year-old children run around the wharves after midnight thrusting any useless object into any foreign face, whining for pesetas. The luxury hotels and the dozens of new apartment houses thrusting up into the sky are the symbols of the boom that hangs suspended, like a golden eagle caught in a net in mid-air.

If Castro can set the eagle free he'll be a hero. If the eagle dies of starvation in its snare, Castro may die, too. What's more, he knows it. He knows he's no different from other men who have made terms with bloodshed and violence in exchange for power. He lives with the specter of sudden death. He talks a torrent, as if he were trying to say in a day enough for a lifetime, as if he were not sure of that lifetime.

"These are my mountain men," he told Captain Lorenz as a dozen of his *Barbudos* sat down to dinner in the ship's dining room. "Many men have come from the mountains to make history. I am making history now. But some day another man may come from the mountains. . . ."

He did not finish the thought.

From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

Norms and Life Adjustment

Life Adjustment, for several decades a cardinal dogma of our public education, is falling into disfavor. In a recent address, Mr. Adlai Stevenson, for instance, forthrightly dissented from Life Adjustment in American schools. (What may be said to this by Mr. Walter Reuther, who some years ago declared John Dewey to be his official philosopher, I do not venture to surmise.) The current hue and cry against Ole Debbil Conformity,[1] too, has caused some people to repent of their previous attachment to Life Adjustment.

This sudden unpopularity of the shallow notion that all young people ought to adjust to the modern world is a sign of health in the American commonwealth. At the end of *Scott-King's Modern Europe,* Mr. Evelyn Waugh suggests that nothing could be more wicked than for a teacher to persuade boys to adjust to the modern world; for the modern world is itself out of joint. The aim of the Life Adjustment enthusiasts—as ironically summarized by a sound and disgruntled superintendent of schools—is to subject all children to a uniform (though almost formless) "soft" curriculum of "socialization" and "group projects" and "learning by doing" and "voluntary cooperation in worthwhile activities"; and thus turn out a uniform product, The American—who presumably will be cooperative, or at least submissive, in forming The New Society of Togetherness. Mixed up in this concept have been some of John Dewey's ideas—once, but no longer, partially sound—of teaching immigrants and the children of immigrants the essentials of American living. We no longer are a nation flooded with immigrants. Mixed up in it also was the trauma of the Perfectibility, or perhaps Natural Goodness, of Man.

Don't misunderstand me: Life Adjustment has life in it yet, more's the pity. A Long Island public school, for example, recently announced with pride its new program of "education for followership," intended to turn out young persons properly adjusted and conformable to the dictates of advanced social science. We haven't quite scotched Life Adjustment. Yet I think the doctrine hereafter will give way to a quite different idea of what a school ought to do.

Though Life Adjustment worked a radical injury to traditional schooling in America, still there was within the Life-Adjustment notion a kind of conservatism of complacency or smugness: Dewey's in his Religious Humanist Heaven, all's right with the world. The existing, or developing, society was assumed to be good and normal: all that was needed was to teach our wonderful boys and girls how to fit in.

Since Life Adjustment triumphed among us, society has experienced some very hard knocks; the present spectacle of civilization in most of the world is not heartening, and the future may be rougher. Thus, to conform, or adjust, merely to what exists or is in prospect—why, that way lies madness. So many Americans, like Mr. Stevenson, are setting their faces against the melioristic notions of the Life-Adjustment folk.

I hope that as the Life-Adjustment notion fades, it will be replaced by a sound general understanding of the normative end of schooling. For the essential purpose of formal education—and especially in primary and secondary schools—is to impart an understanding of norms. Norms are what Mr. T. S. Eliot calls "the enduring things," those principles of morals and politics and taste which abide from age to age, which create the truly human person, and which cement the civil social order. A person who apprehends norms is indeed adjusted to life: but not merely to the confused and violent and often immoral life of his transient time and society. For such a person really sees life clear and whole: he knows his duties and his rights, and what it is to be a man. We learn of the nature of norms through the study of great literature and great lives, and through acquiring knowledge of the history of civilization and of social institutions. For the Life-Adjustment zealot, there were no norms—only conventions and folkways and mores, and many of those obsolete.

Perhaps the best recent writer on norms is Dr. Pitirim Sorokin. In *The Reconstruction of Humanity* (1948), he goes to the heart of the matter:

> All values and norms have become mere playthings whose acceptance or nonacceptance depends entirely upon the whims of a given person or group. Hence the mental, moral, religious, social, economic, and political anarchy that pervades our life and culture. Hence, the reliance upon brute force, or upon fraud as the supreme arbiter of any conflict—upon the rule that might makes right. . . . Persons born and reared in this atmosphere cannot be indoctrinated with universally approved values and norms. One moment they hear of "God and religion"; next they are told "God is a superstition, and religion is the opiate of the people's mind." Now they are told, "private property is sacred," now that it is a "theft." At one turn they are taught, "The marriage vow is inviolable"; at the next, "It is a hypocritical and harmful repression of the legitimate sex instinct by the stupid 'superego'; one is entitled to satisfy it with any person of the opposite sex to whom one feels attracted." And so on. Children reared in such a contradictory atmosphere have no chance of being imbued with any universal standard or norm that becomes their second nature and controls their behavior from within. They are like rudderless boats driven hither and thither by every wind of temptation and circumstance.

Our schools cannot accomplish the whole of the tremendous task of restoring in our society a perception of norms. Yet the schools can do much. At the very least, they can refrain from promulgating the notion that we all were born yesterday, and that modern civilization has made every norm obsolete. Just that shallow assumption was preached by many of the Life-Adjustment doctrinaires. And now they have undone themselves.

[1] A long essay might be written about a new conformity that is arising in the Liberal camp: a rigid conformity to the doctrine that every kind of conformity ought to be forbidden.

The Cannibal State

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

The Greeks had accurate words for most things, but when they tried to make one word do double duty for "Society" and "the State" they created a confusion that still haunts us. In the compact little cities of the Hellenes, with slaves to do the dirty work, it may well have seemed that the difference between the two concepts was unimportant. But because of the one area of murk in Greek political science, it has been given to few individuals since Aristotle's time to know just what it is that causes civilizations to fail.

Frank Chodorov, like his teacher Albert Jay Nock, has spent a lifetime trying to clear up the single unfortunate legacy of Greek political thought. As in all his previous writings, he hammers away in his new book, *The Rise and Fall of Society* (Devin-Adair, $3.95), at the fundamental difference between Society (which consists of voluntary groupings of individuals) and the State (which originated in the need of individuals and groups to protect life, liberty and property from internal and external marauders). It is axiomatic with Chodorov that "Society is all-of-us." But it is just as axiomatic with him that the State is not all-of-us—it is merely that part of us that is entrusted with the power to club the rest of us into line.

Chodorov believes that man has a nature, and that the nature may be known. It is natural for man to assume his right to life. The other great Natural Rights—the right to liberty, the right to property—follow from the first right; they are its "implementation," to use the detestable modern word. But there is also, says Chodorov, a natural law that causes man to betray himself if he is not careful. That law is the Law of Parsimony, which says that each and every one of us will try to satisfy his needs and desires with the least amount of blood, sweat, thought and tears.

The Law of Parsimony is rooted in man's rationalism. But it is not given to all men to see that if one lives by theft, double-dealing and violence, one may also die by the same means. When a majority in a new society becomes tired of the uncertainty caused by the bandit's idea of the individual application of the Law of Parsimony, government arises to keep the shortsighted from living by murder. But even magistrates are fallible: following the Law of Parsimony, they may use their exalted functions to get something for nothing, or to confer something on their avid supporters in return for votes. There is no sure way of keeping the cop from becoming a thief on his own.

Chodorov, being an emotionally sanguine fellow, has lived for most of his three score and ten years with the hope that our magistrates and their camp followers, the Pressure Groups, can be dissuaded or prevented from yielding to the Law of Parsimony. His intelligence, however, tells him that it is not in the nature of most magistrates to know the virtues of moderation. People strive for election or take appointive jobs with the State because they like power—and the more the better. And one of the greatest perquisites of power is—more and more for less and less expenditure of effort.

Hence the recurrent human tragedy, the engulfment of Society by the Cannibal State. Societies come into being by crystallizations out of original inchoateness; they create sheriffs to protect individuals and groups in their lives and property; then the sheriffs, developing a liking for legal gun-toting, make themselves into licensed predators; the licensed predators, becoming more and more insatiable, channel an ever-increasing proportion of society's production into their own backyards; and the end comes when, with production trailing off because of galloping accidie, the State collapses on top of a weakened Society, carrying everything down into ruin. This is the quasi-Spenglerian rhythm which Chodorov in his moments of more bitter clarity discerns to be inevitable.

In my own moments of bitter clarity I think Chodorov's pessimism cannot be gainsaid. I agree with Chodorov that the "planners" (nice name for licensed predators) are unstoppable, and that they will end, as he puts it, by "desocializing" society. Nevertheless, though the planners and the centralizers must have their way, there is something in every human being that whispers, "Don't take it lying down." Chodorov himself goes on fighting. So do you, so do I, and so do a lot of people. That, too, is part of the nature that is human—and because it is natural to fight the encroachments of the State, societies are sometimes renewed or reborn. The free trader lives on in the smuggler, and tax "avoidance" becomes a fine legal art.

"One can always hope," says Chodorov. It is for this reason that I wish the author of *The Rise and Fall of Society* had added a postscript to his book under the rubric, say, of *And Rise Again.* There is at least some warrant for such a postscript in the history of several Western nations. For example, society has been reconstituted in West Germany despite the depredations of the Statists from Bismarck and the "socialists of the chair" on down to Hitler and the socialists of the concentration camp. True, the rebirth of German Society had to wait upon defeat in war. But it happened despite the will of the British, French and American victors,

who would have liked nothing more than to see Social Democracy win out over the Adenauers and the Ludwig Erhards in the period between 1945 and 1949.

Similarly, at the very dawn of the modern economic age, England checked the engulfment of Society by the State in 1688. For a long time after 1688 it was touch and go in Britain. Fortunately, the Englishman of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries had not been Prussianized into a witless worship of "positive" or "legal" law that departed from Natural Law. Robert Walpole, England's great Whig prime minister in the middle of the eighteenth century, dealt with smugglers whenever it suited his fancy. And at the end of the century the younger William Pitt reckoned that no duty had been paid on at least half the tea that had been consumed in England during a given year. Pitt, though an officer of the government, regarded such "lawlessness" with equanimity.

England today has a paucity of Pitts and Walpoles. But as the sun swings low in the land of Adam Smith and John Locke, it rises incongruously in—of all places!—the land of Cortez, Pancho Villa and the Aztecs. In Mexico, President Adolfo Lopez Mateos, though he owes his office to the socialistic party of the "revolution," has decided that capitalism must be reinvented. His government has just returned the state-wide Mexican telephone system to private enterprise. And Lopez Mateos promises even more startling surprises.

"The will for freedom," says Chodorov, "comes before freedom." All who have the "will for freedom" should constitute themselves a force to publicize Frank Chodorov's book.

Kind of on a Quest

ROBERT PHELPS

At 43, Saul Bellow has published his fifth novel, *Henderson the Rain King* (Viking, $4.50), and as a result, this will be one year in which we shall not be able to complain about the failure of an American artist to spread his wings and make us something astonishing, organic, imaginative, and unpiddling. It is a grand book. As Stravinsky said of one of his symphonies, it is "composed to the glory of God." It is at the same time funny, heroic, inspired, unpredictable.

More than any contemporary, Saul Bellow reminds me of Fielding, Charles Dickens and, of course, Mark Twain. What he has in common with these writers—apart from a tonic masculinity of temperament—is sheer ampleness. The moment *Henderson the Rain King* gets under way, you sense the joyousness of creation. Nothing is pinched or parceled out. Images, ideas, anecdotes, associations abound. Invention is unbridled. The narrative line soars.

And yet all this zest and abundance never run wild. They are at the service of a story, a hero, a beginning-middle-and-end, an exalted vision—everything, in fact, a first-rate novel should have. At 55, a millionaire lush (his own term) named Henderson reaches a crisis. He seems to have everything a man could want: a loving wife, plenty of children, robust health, freedom to do what he pleases. But he is suffocated with longing. He craves somehow to be used, tested, exposed. All the oldest human yearnings beset him. He wants to know who he is, he wants to be awakened, he wants to open like the lotus and see the statue move. He wants to know the meaning of the flower in the crannied wall, to feel the earth turning under his feet, to submit his raging will. One day he can stand it no more, so he buys a plane ticket for Africa, and sets out across scorched plains for the interior, literally seeking his salvation.

At one point, while he is wrestling with a native prince, he says, "Your Highness, I am really kind of on a quest." At another, to an enamored queen, he sings from *The Messiah:* "For who shall abide the day of His coming?" His redemptive suffering begins. He has adventures with a plague of frogs. He lends himself to a rainmaking orgy. He enters a lion's den. And when he has been fully tested, when he has proved his worthiness to be shown, he is vouchsafed a vision of high conduct and human valor which will change his life forever. Then his quest is over and he returns home. Before coming, in his bafflement and despair, he had raised pigs. Now he carries a lion cub, the promise of his own valor to come.

If I have made the whole thing sound bookish and heavily symbolic, the fault is entirely mine. For it is the rare distinction of *Henderson the Rain King* to have found a way of storytelling which can deal with ideas and yet sacrifice nothing in the way of racy actuality. It has corrected the bloodlessness, the literary Manichaeism of Kakfa, in whose parables a man tends to be merely an abstraction. Henderson is as concrete, larger-than-life and yet grandly credible as Huck Finn. Unlike Joyce's Ulysses, he is not simply an artful paraphrase of someone else's myth. He is an original. His quest may be ageless, but he, Henderson, with his Wellington boots, his red silk dressing gown, and his face "like an unfinished church," playing the violin, crooning Handel, crying out for light, purpose, salvation, is a wholly fresh incarnation in literature.

We talk so much about Great Books, Masterpieces, and Literary Permanence these days, that it does a new book no useful service to expose it to these devaluated terms. About *Henderson the Rain King,* I only know that it was a joy to read, and that I cannot at present imagine a time when I shall be likely to forget its larky spirit. A couple of reviews I happened to see before reading it myself expressed concern about its having a reliable meaning. I mention this only to express my surprise. I found it explicit, unambiguous, and resonant on every one of its 341 pages.

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Free in History

THOMAS MOLNAR

BOOK PUBLISHERS, and therefore the reading public, catch up only after a considerable delay with those writers who have become relevant for a generation. Thus we are still fingering the brittle pages of Hegel and Marx when the second half-century has begun to hear the limpid voices of Tocqueville and Proudhon. To be sure, the former are also historians who explore what is "beneath the surface," but their ideological bias makes them as monotonous as the editorials in a progressive paper; whereas Tocqueville, with his nimble feet and right instincts, is never touched by ponderous scientism, is never glued to history; he remains the unideological free man, *engagé* only in the highest sense: through his concern for Western Christendom.

He writes, as John A. Lukacs, the editor of *The European Revolution* and *Correspondence with Gobineau* (Doubleday Anchor, $1.25), rightly remarks, not "objective", but "exhortatory history"; he is, of course, as passionate an observer as Hegel and Marx and, like them, bent upon finding the mechanism of historical change; in fact, he has Thucydides' concern for the causes of great events, and Herodotus' avidity to travel and collect data. But his refreshing quality is that he does not use history as an instrument of class-war, nor as a detour for philosophical theses: he is a gentleman scholar, member of a civil society whose destinies he envisages with anxiety, but whose freedom of choice, and therefore open future, he refuses to question. He exhorts by giving us ground for faith and courage.

Chronology places Tocqueville between Hegel and Marx; chance made him a friend of Gobineau whose system (and love for Germany) situates him on the margin of Hegelianism. Tocqueville is at his most acute when confronted with Gobineau's pseudo-absolutes. Their correspondence prefigures the great debates of our century because Tocqueville, who has the Christian's trust in providence, meets in Gobineau's mechanistic (racist) arguments for the decay of mankind a modern form of the dispirited intellectual's passionate resignation. What Gobineau tells him (and repeats in his insistent epistles from various diplomatic posts) is what many would tell him today, sometimes in not too different words: "My main purpose is to show what there is really new and divorced from Christianity in the modern moral systems." And he proceeds to enumerate some: the decline of the aristocracy and its functions, the increasing role of the State in public and private matters, the emerging democracy which first enervates, then replaces Christian virtues.

Alexis de Tocqueville: ". . . *a gentleman scholar, member of a civil society whose destinies he envisages with anxiety, but whose freedom of choice, and therefore open future, he refuses to question.*"

The fact that Gobineau's system tied these radical novelties to increasing racial miscegenation particularly repelled his friend. He refused to consider seriously Gobineau's deterministic outlook, and even questioned, most reluctantly, the sincerity of his faith. Nor would he go along with his catastrophic view of history which later influenced Spengler. His travels and studies had convinced Tocqueville that what he was witnessing was not a radical break, and, at any rate, not a decline: it was the passing of a class and of a civilizational form, but not the suicide of mankind. To Gobineau's theory he opposes the view of historical continuity in the context of which Christian charity and moral doctrine have entered the fabric of society. They appear under two main forms, he writes: "The equal rights of every man to the goods of this world, and the duty of those who have more to help those who have less." And he adds: "this idea appears now in an endless variety of aspects."

WHERE Gobineau sees the fatal results of lost racial purity, Tocqueville detects the emergence of a new sensibility, a rough society undergoing transformations. Mr. Lukacs sees in Tocqueville an early representative of a "new historiography" which examines the over-all character of an age instead of concentrating on "the leading protagonists of the politically active classes." But there is more: in Tocqueville's view the leading protagonist is no longer the individual, but *society* with its many new demands, and the *State* which comes to satisfy them: "The disappearance of great personalities to whom previously one could turn with problems of succor, now makes every eye turn to the State . . . . A new kind of social and political morality is being established, a combination of Christian moral principles and antique political ideas." His contemporaries, Saint-Simon, Comte, Guizot shared his views.

As they were ideologues, they are less perspicacious. Tocqueville, placed side by side with Gobineau, appears, by contrast, optimistic. In reality, Tocqueville was not a liberal, not a democrat, but, as Mr. Lukacs points out, a man of the Right; not of the radical kind who, in his dislike of democracy, chooses extreme solutions, but the other kind who sees "the danger that *liberty* runs in a *democratic* State," yet sets out to save both. Guizot and Comte, as later Lenin, believed that in the future "society will need less and less governing"; but Tocqueville had his fears; he sensed that in the then beginning democracies "the last word will rest with centralization," an inevitable consequence of the "atomization and isolation of the social elements." In England, after a conversation with his translator, he notes: "Centralization:

a habit of democracies, a democratic instinct. The preparation for despotism."

His *Journeys to England and Ireland* (Yale University Press, $4.50) form a logical sequel to his visit to the United States. It is easy to follow his plan of travels which follows his line of reasoning and the development of his ideas. He was a member of a decaying class still living in the Old Regime. To understand the great change, Tocqueville had to leave this ambiguous historical milieu and observe what was actually a "new regime," America. But then he must have asked: are old and new so incompatible? Can not the aristocratic values and the Christian world view be transplanted, without a substantial loss, into the age of democracy? He left for England to seek further answers.

Although in England Tocqueville found the aristocracy infinitely more adapted to change than in France (unassailable privilege—through birth—is replaced by conquerable privilege—through wealth), he did not doubt the ultimate victory of the democratic forces. But he saw an important difference: in France people wanted to destroy privileges, in England they wanted to share them. In this way, Tocqueville came to believe, a wise aristocracy may go far towards the preservation of its position and of the values without which freedom in a democracy remains unstable.

This remark contains, in a sense, Tocqueville's political testament which, without the formidable verbal weaponry of Marxism, remains closer to the facts and thus more relevant for the future. Marx, like Gobineau, Nietzsche, Maurras, or, for that matter, Socrates' discussion partner, Thrasymachus, did not understand the protean nature of *power;* he thought that the dictatorship of the proletariat would be the last chapter of the story of power, therefore of history. He did not see that the very softening of mores in the Western world (a phenomenon Tocqueville had diagnosed, as I have noted above) which made proletarian advances possible, would prevent the working class from fully exploiting these advances. In other words, history would continue.

Tocqueville, on the contrary, understood that power was merely changing hands and forms under his eyes, and that, like any of its former manifestations and political expressions, it would have to come to terms with other realities: partial interests, law, morality, concepts of justice, religion, etc. This is why he was ultimately unafraid of democracy and hopeful that the Christian ideal of freedom would remain the main ingredient in it; this is why he criticized Gobineau who, like so many of our social critics, constructed an inexorable system on his cherished pessimism.

China: The Continuing Struggle

KARL A. WITTFOGEL

Shall we recognize Communist China and admit her to the United Nations? Those who advocate such a policy seem to believe that Mao Tse-tung's regime is more peace-minded today than it was at its inception a decade ago. Is this so? Have the Chinese Communists relaxed their struggle against their own people or against the free world, especially the uncommitted nations of Asia?

The title of Richard Louis Walker's new book, *The Continuing Struggle,* expresses his conviction that, far from allowing the dust to settle, the masters of mainland China are continuing—and intensifying—their fight for the global victory of Communist totalitarianism. They do it in the face of substantial handicaps: the disadvantages of geography, the pressures of population, the dissatisfactions of national minorities, and the hostilities of a huge peasantry.

In an earlier book, *China Under Communism, The First Five Years,* Professor Walker gave a clear account of the way in which the Chinese Communists seized and consolidated their power. Anyone interested in these momentous developments may profitably consult this study. In *The Continuing Struggle,* he makes a most timely and impressive assessment of the present situation in Red China: the power-oriented industrialization, the super-collectivization culminating in the militarized communes, the growing system of communications, the ruthless mobilizations of manpower, the aid Peiping receives from the USSR, and the prestige it enjoys abroad.

In connection with this last point, Professor Walker stresses the operational significance of the Communist ideology and the skill with which the Red strategists manipulate national feelings. The Chinese Communists have frankly declared their political aims to be the "isolation of major enemies and neutralization of minor ones. If circumstances permit, further efforts should be made to cause the middle-of-the-road nations to emerge from their neutralist stand into forming alliance with us."

Manifestly, the Chinese Communists look, not to the promotion of world peace, but to the establishment of Communist world power. Using Japan as an instructive example, Professor Walker indicates the range of Communist tactics: the use of foreign trade, the exchange of persons, cultural propaganda and sporting events. In this type of cold war he finds us pitifully inept. And while many will agree with him—a Harvard expert on the Far East observed that our "net score in the field of ideas is well below zero"—many more need to be made aware of the full implications of this disconcerting fact.

Professor Walker does not want us to overrate Peiping; as yet it is not a world power. But this is no reason for underrating its significance on the international stage. Mao's regime, he reminds us, is a great power in Asia because its neighbors are weak and the Communists spare nothing to advance the cold war.

Of course we should not recognize or seat Red China. But while these decisions are important, they are not sufficient. Only if we develop an imaginative, appealing and aggressive long-range policy of our own can we hope to combat the Communist objectives with any chance of success. *The Continuing Struggle* provides fundamental arguments for the forging of a realistic and effective American policy in Asia.

Men and Manners

Our Daily Bread

FRANCIS RUSSELL

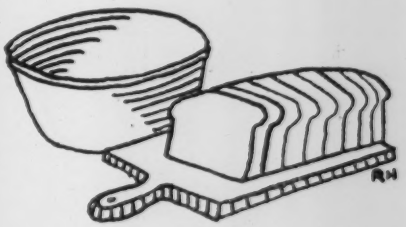
WHEN I WAS A CHILD on Wellington Hill in Dorchester during World War One many women still made their own bread. The flour manufacturers were interested in housewives rather than in wholesale bakers and their advertisements were more prevalent than those of cigarettes. In the last year of the war I went to the third grade of the Edmund P. Tileston School, and I can remember the large colored billboards along Blue Hill Avenue on my way to school. Advertising had not yet become a demi-art between psychology and astrology, and a simple statement of fact then sufficed. Pillsbury's flour in red and white lettering was "best." Ceresota showed a small boy with a large knife cutting himself a slice of bread. Gold Medal with its red setting sun underscored "Eventually—Why Not Now?" King Arthur, helmeted and bearing a Red Cross banner, reined in his black charger above the motto "Never Bleached."

Hardly anyone makes bread any more and the bakers would not want to encourage any revival of this homely art. Ceresota seems to have vanished, though on the back shelves of the supermarket there are still the familiar bags of the other three brands —Pillsbury's with its four XXXX's, the blue lettering and orange disk of Gold Medal, and King Arthur on his charger. Though the two former brands are now bleached, King Arthur still retains his proud motto. Beyond the obscure section reserved for flour are the open counters piled with bread. There they were—Marvel, Se-lect, Anne this and Betty that bread, each loaf sealed antiseptically in wax paper that has been treated with chemicals to give it that "fresh bread" smell. Pick up a loaf and your fingers sink down into the flabby substance underneath. According to the label the loaf is enriched with an assortment of vitamins, so that the fact that it is tasteless, characterless and lacking in nutritive value is perhaps irrelevant. Calcium propionate has been added to retard spoilage, *i.e.*, to keep it apparently fresh on the counter several days. It also contains a dough conditioner.

"What is a dough conditioner?" I asked my mother.

"I don't know," she said. "But I know it's something that shouldn't go into bread."

My mother still makes bread twice a week, as she has ever since I can remember. This simple and familiar process, basic as it is, is one with which few people in the United States are now familiar. First she heats butter and milk, dissolves some yeast in warm water, and then pours the two liquids together into her yellow earthenware mixing bowl. To this she adds salt and sugar, and then by degrees stirs in the flour until the mass turns from a tacky fluidity to substance. Then she kneads it with the knuckles of her clenched fists almost as if it were a punching bag and sets it to rise near the radiator where it is warm enough (but not too warm). Sometimes, if she forgets, the dough will rise up ludicrously, carrying the plate she has set on top several inches into the air. Twice she lets the dough rise and cuts it down each time. Why I don't know, but that's the way it is. Then she kneads it on our old breadboard that has a crack in the corner. But this time she kneads the dough open-handed with an undulating motion and she sprinkles just enough additional flour to keep it from sticking to her hands. It has always seemed magical to me the way the



dough sucks up the flour from the board. She then cuts the dough into half-loaves and sets them in the breadpans that her own mother brought from England sixty years ago. My mother still measures her flour from a tin measuring cup, not having graduated into the age of plastics. The only change that she has made over the years is that now she uses powdered yeast instead of the cake kind.

She bakes the bread for an hour in a moderate-high oven—not measured in degrees. When bread is baking there is a pleasant permeating smell in the house with a strength to it of that time when bread was really the staff of life and not a bastard component of a sandwich. After the bread is done she takes it out of the pans and stands it on the rack by the sink. It is a good brown color and it looks, well it looks like bread. When you pick it up it is solid. It has no give to the fingers. The crust is almost a quarter of an inch thick and it can be cut as easily with a knife as with a slicing machine. Such bread weighs over twice as much as the commercial bun bread. It takes twice as long to toast and stays fresh without the help of calcium propionate. It can be eaten with unsalted butter. With no butter at all and with just a piece of cheese (unprocessed) it is lunch enough for any camping trip.

I once visited a commercial bread bakery. There machinery took charge

Spring Book Number

The April 11 issue of NATIONAL REVIEW will be a special book number, containing reviews and comment by:

Ross J. S. Hoffman on *The Correspondence of Edmund Burke*

Ernest van den Haag on Jack Kerouac, the beatniks and the hipsters

Willmoore Kendall on *Public Schools and Moral Education*, by Neil Gerard McCluskey

Finis Farr on F. Scott Fitzgerald

Robert Phelps on spring fiction

Forrest Davis on Adlai Stevenson's *Friends and Enemies*

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from beginning to end. The loaves—about half the size of my mother's before baking—moved on an endless conveyor belt through vast ovens. At the end of twenty minutes they emerged from the far end of the final oven. Somehow en route they had expanded three times and their color was golden. They were then mechanically wrapped and sealed. Pumped full of air, spongy and tasteless as cotton, they were at least untouched by human hand. The best that could be said of them was that in an artificial way they looked pretty and that the pulpy matter composing them was easy to chew. A crust of my mother's bread can be a substitute for brushing one's teeth.

When I think of the millions of loaves of adulterated flour-mix that Americans eat daily I wonder if our bread is not a symbol of what is wrong with ourselves. For if bread is the staff of life then we have defiled life, and when we eat bread without substance we become ourselves people without substance. There is a quality about my mother's earthenware mixing bowl and tin measuring cup, there is a character formed by her knuckles prodding the dough as it forms, that cannot be attained by dough conditioners and impregnated wax paper.

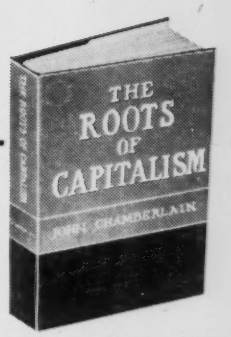
BOOKS IN BRIEF

THE STATESMAN, by Henry Taylor (Mentor, 50 cents). First published in England in 1836, this a splendidly ironical manual for civil servants and ambitious politicians. The world has forgotten Taylor, but his advice is as timely in the world of Elizabeth II as it was in the world of Victoria. "The leading rule," he counsels officials engaged in writing official letters, "is to be content to be common-place." He lays down precise rules for obtaining "the most valuable of all reputations in this line of life, that of a 'safe man.'" The idea is to evade decisions wherever they can be evaded, to shift decisions onto other departments whenever possible, to defer questions until they resolve themselves, and to undertake "nothing for the public good which the public voice does not call for." Taylor's little book, full of internal chuckles and sudden profound insights, is especially good reading for all of us political writers who wish we had said that. The rising young statesman may find nothing funny in it, but he will rise the faster if he heeds the advice of a cynical Victorian who knew a thousand politicians and held them all in a tolerant contempt. J. J. KILPATRICK

THE ART OF TRAVEL, by Henry James. Edited by Morton Dauwen Zabel (Doubleday, $5.50). James was an intensive, if not an extensive, traveller. Besides America and Great Britain, he confined himself mostly to France and Italy. Spain, Greece or North Africa did not interest him, and the rest of the globe was only a map. But where he did go, he went passionately. Like D. H. Lawrence, he had an exceptional gift for regarding places as though they were people, so that between them, these two otherwise very different poets share most of the laurels for Travelogu-ing in English. Mr. Zabel's selection from seven of James' books is aptly named; every page is warm and a large number are hot; the essays on Venice and London might even be counted among the world's best love letters. R. PHELPS

SINAI VICTORY, by Brigadier General S.L.A. Marshall(Morrow, $5.00). In Biblical times, it took Moses forty years to lead Israel out of Sinai. In 1956, Israeli General Moshe Layan needed just over four days to return. The comparison is meaningful, for it was blinding quickness in doing what used to take lots of time that made Israel's *Blitzkrieg* modern history's shortest war. One can answer that the army of Egypt's present Pharaoh was not a worthy foe. It wasn't: but then the Anglo-French invasion proceeded as if it *might* be, while the Israelis dared to plunge in with reckless boldness. Terrain, not opposition, was the major obstacle. The Israelis' greatest feat was rapid movement, with inadequate supplies and equipment, through rugged, trackless desert. General Marshall does a good job of pointing up the lesson to be learned: that men make the arms, and not vice versa (not even when the arms are Soviet-made, and available in abundance).

J. P. MCFADDEN



Strengthen the Hand of Every American —Read

THE ROOTS OF CAPITALISM

by John Chamberlain

Here is a book for all who would preserve, protect and enrich those freedoms that have made our country uniquely successful. John Chamberlain, critic, journalist and editor, is well known for his articles on business and economics. In this fast-paced, provocative survey, he looks at the ideas, the people and the times that created American capitalism. He reveals the weaknesses of those who theorize about planned or dictatorial economic systems, and covers inventions and technological improvements that are often disruptive factors. In the tradition of our free society, he provides an impressive dialectic for capitalists. *232 pp.* **$5.50**

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AN ANALYSIS OF KEYNESIAN FALLACIES

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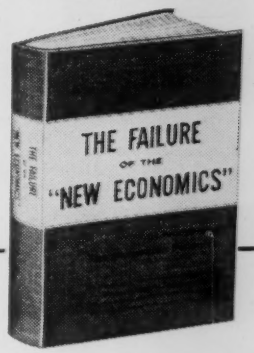

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To the Editor

Foreign Aid

Today's news depicts our understandably querulous Congress, continuing to scratch its collective head, trying to figure out why nobody in the world respects or love us. Witness the current attacks on North Americans in La Paz, Bolivia, one of our largest per capita foreign aid recipients. ["The Week," March 14].

Since World War II we have been ostentatiously spreading our economic largesse around the world like a sailor on payday in a foreign port. Thus the United States of America presents to the world an image of a condescending, boastful people, presuming to be able to bolster the economy of every needy country. It is the image of a people consumed with false pride. Our pride is false, obviously, because in fact our government is so far in debt now that it is having trouble borrowing more dollars from its own people, even devalued dollars.

The next time another country demands economic aid "to maintain our mutual democratic bulwark against Communism," world opinion of the United States would begin improving immediately, I believe, if we were to reply . . . that we simply do not have the money available to lend or give away.

Robstown, Texas THOS. E. PERRY

The Trend toward Socialism

In the February 28 issue, there appeared two articles, one by Mr. Whittaker Chambers, the other by Mr. Frank S. Meyer, both of which I found interesting and, when related to one another, pointing up somewhat of a paradox.

Mr. Meyer makes the very valid observation that you cannot stop the trend toward socialism by supporting men or organizations who are committed to socialist goals but who intend to reach them at a slower pace. On the other hand, the essence of Mr. Chambers' article seems to be that the necessity to survive as a sovereign nation may force us to accept an extension of State control of our lives together with a change in our attitudes toward "mind."

If Mr. Chambers' thesis is correct, Mr. Meyer's, no matter how valid as a general principle, must eventually be doomed by force of circumstances to the realm of pure theory. . . . In either case, must we face the probability that one day this country may become Socialist? And if so and if it must be endured over a number of years, will there ever be a peaceful turning back?

Baltimore, Md. JOHN J. LENNON

A Fourth Dimension

To Whittaker Chambers' fine article "Missiles, Brains and Mind" [February 28] should be added a fourth dimension—that indefinable "spirit." Doctors may call it the "will to live." Edward Hunter has dramatically shown how this element characterizes those who did *not* succumb to Red brainwashing. The religious-minded will recognize "spirit" as faith in God. However one defines it, it is probably the greatest attribute needed to assure the survival of *all* men—free or now enslaved—against the devastating onslaught of atheistic materialism.

Baltimore, Md. MARIE A. HAMILL

Betting and Morality

I sympathize with your misgivings about Mr. Powell's morality and Mayor Wagner's understanding of economics ("The Week," March 14) but—

NATIONAL REVIEW says "there is nothing immoral about betting on which horse will come in first." Now in itself a form of betting or gambling is not necessarily immoral. The morality of the situation would involve the motivation for the action. It is conceivable that one could gamble for a just cause.

The fact remains that most people do not so gamble. In particular, most people bet on the races because they lack a sense of responsibility and stewardship for the material possessions which God has entrusted to them. Or they are motivated by the base desire of getting something for nothing. It would seem that any publication such as NATIONAL REVIEW, opopposed as it is to all forms of Welfare Statism (which leads to moral decay by playing on the desire to get something for nothing or at some-

body else's expense), would be a bit more concerned about the possible effects of gambling on the moral well-being of our people.

Philadelphia, Pa. BROOKE WALKER

Gerard Manley Hopkins, III

Perhaps the best way of demonstrating the quality of Gerard Manley Hopkins' mind [*cf.* "To the Editor" February 14, February 28] in comparison with the quality of mind of others is to quote from one of the products of Hopkins' mentality and let the reader balance it against Mr. Wills' supercilious comments. Let us take spring as an example. Surely there has not been a subject more worked over by poets. Surely every imaginable connotation of the world's rebirth has been explored, along with the antithesis of its winter death. And yet harken (whoops, a poeticism!—and Mr. Wills won't like it) to Hopkins:

> Márgarét, are you gríeving
> Over Goldengrove unleaving?
> Léaves, líke the things of man, you
> With your fresh thoughts care for, can you?
> Ah! ás the heart grows older
> It will come to such sights colder
> By and by, nor spare a sigh
> Though worlds of wanwood leafmeal lie;
> And yet you wíll weep and know why.
> Now no matter, child, the name:
> Sorrow's springs are the same.
> Nor mouth had, no nor mind, expressed
> What heart heard of, ghost guessed:
> It is the blight man was born for,
> It is Margaret you mourn for.

If one has to explain exegetically to Mr. Wills the direct power of this poem, the fresh handling of such a dangerous theme, and the deeply original insights to which this poem brings the reader, then I throw úp, Ah! my hands nów. There is no need to, really, because Mr. Wills accuses himself out of his own mouth. Let us take his example of Hopkins' preciosity: "It is true that Hopkins claimed a colloquial flow for his poetry—then he marked the 'natural' accents so we would not miss them: [he quotes] Their ránsom, théir rescue, ánd first, fást, last fríend." The accents Mr. Wills makes fun of do indeed mark the natural rhythms according to the sense of the poem. But as Hopkins expected all his poetry to be read aloud, he did not want some dullard to wreck the emphasis by reading it (colloquially also) thus: Their ránsom, their réscue, and first, fást, last fríend. What is involved is no play on melody; such a reading would comprise a basic change of meaning.

Hopkins did use expletives extensively. So what? The proper question should be, are they expendable in Hopkins' work? Generally, they are not. And he did invert, or torture, words and syntax: not out of caprice but because his poetic integrity drove him to question the roots of meaning, to the point where it involved his Faith: "That night, that year/ Of now done darkness I wretch lay wrestling with (my God!) my God." I suppose Mr. Wills finds this line lacking in poetic impact, the fruit of a dull spirit. But if it is this which constitutes "filigrees of sound"—Mr. Wills' metaphorically improbable phrase, not mine!—then Gerard Manley Hopkins has achieved what is no mean thing: he has wrought out of filigree works of iron honesty.

Marbella, Spain PETER CRUMPET

The discussion is now closed. —ED.

Reducing Problem

I was interested and amused at your humorous account of the recent French fashions (February 14), particularly the up and down location of the waistline. However, there is another that has, with imperceptible variation, remained stationary: the State Department wasteline that for the past twenty-five years has expanded so alarmingly that the powers that be are at last determined to do something drastic to reduce it!

Los Angeles, Cal. ELIZABETH HAMM

The MacLeish Play

The article on *J.B.* in your issue of February 28 was one of the most illogical and unfounded pieces of criticism I have seen in a long time.

If Fr. McLaughlin had refreshed his memory with the original version of the story of Job, he would have noticed that the conclusion of it comes when God has answered Job and restored him to a state better than before. But in *J.B.*, Nickles asserts that the difficulty lies in trying to understand how Job could take back everything and start all over again. In other words, how is it that man will plod on and rebuild after adversity?

Certainly the Biblical Job gets no consolation from God's answer, but rather only satisfaction. So too does J.B. But the problem of modern man as it is often stated is "Why bother?" Since man knows from experience that most often the innocent suffer more than the guilty, and since the religious man resigns himself to this suffering because he relies on the greater wisdom and power of a Being Superior to himself, the question is—

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what is there in man that makes, even *compels*, him to go on?

MacLeish's answer is a statement of such basic simplicity that its significance lies in the fact that he has the temerity to suggest it to "Modern Man." Just as nature survives the adversities of winter and blooms again in the spring (the forsythia—why "a showy reed"?—is one of the first flowering plants to bloom and is, moreover, hardly showy in its delicacy), so too does man continue to strive even after defeat. . . .

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Demonstrating the Atom, II

As a further note on the military and political logic of the first atomic bombs, may I refer Mr. George T. Keating—who challenges ("To the Editor," March 14) my article "Hiroshima Saved Japan" (February 14)—to his friend Toshikazu Kase's book *Journey to the Missouri*:

> I often hear it asked: why did not Japan lay down her arms at the time of the German surrender? The answer is that we could not. The domineering militarists were still directing our national destiny at their pleasure, and they stubbornly refused to entertain for a moment the thought of giving up the struggle. . . [p. 129]
>
> It is certain that we would have surrendered in due time even without the terrific chastisement of the bomb or the terrible shock of the Russian attack. However, it cannot also be denied that both the bombs and the Russians facilitated our surrender. Without them the Army might still have tried to prolong resistance. [p. 217]

Also pertinent is the following from *The Cause of Japan*, by Togo Shigenori, Foreign Minister at the time of the Japanese decision to surrender:

> Already, from before this time [end of June 1945], the United States had frequently broadcast reports that Japan would sue for unconditional surrender. Japan, however, was in no state to surrender unconditionally. . . . American propaganda and insistence on 'unconditional surrender' . . . hampered to no small extent the progress of the movement in Japan for peace. . . . [p. 299]
>
> On the 8th [of August 1945] I had an audience, in the underground shelter of the Imperial Palace, with the Emperor, whom I informed of the enemy's announcement of the use of an atomic bomb, and related matters, and I said that it was now all the more imperative that we end the war, which we could seize this opportunity to do. The Emperor approved of my view, and warned that since we could no longer continue the struggle, now that a weapon of this devastating power was used against us, we should not let slip the opportunity by engaging in attempts to gain more favorable conditions. Since bargaining for terms had little prospect of success at this stage, he said, measures should be concerted to insure a prompt ending of hostilities. [p. 315]

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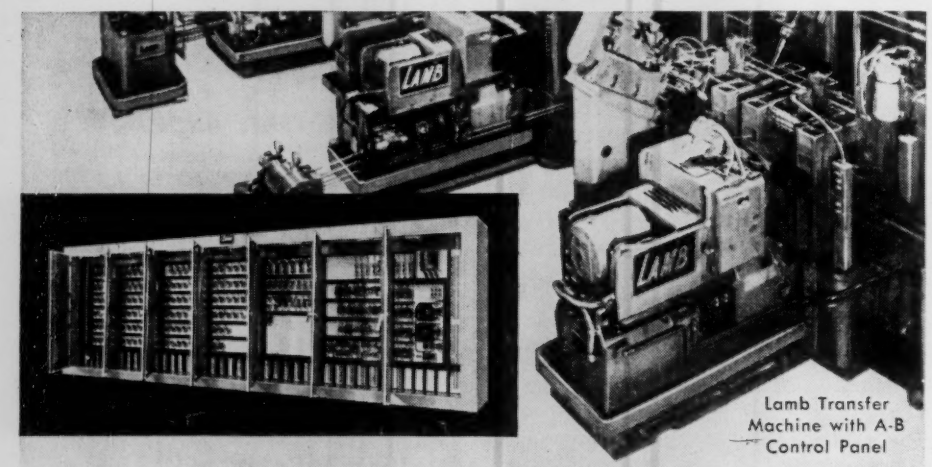

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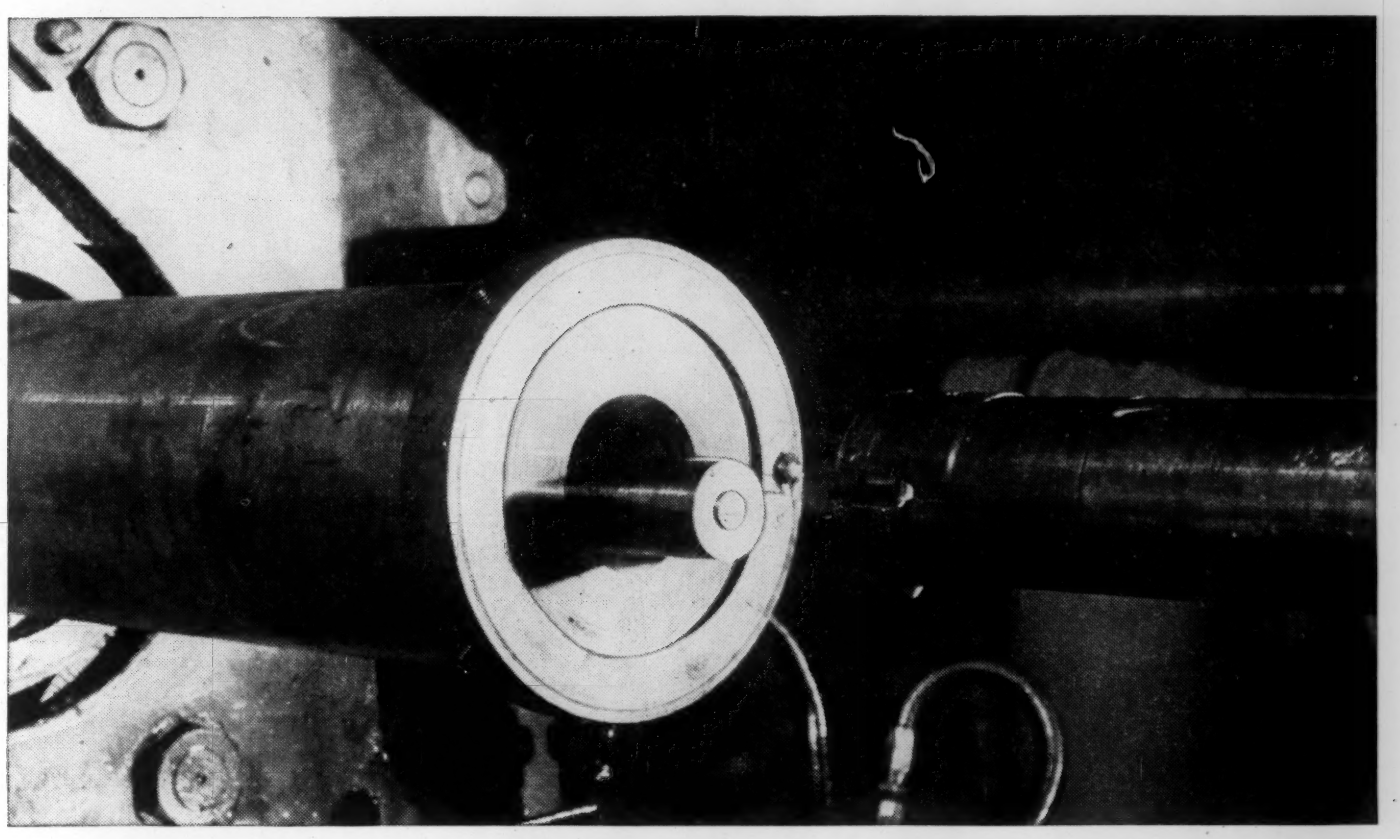

Boring just completed, this "drill collar" will soon be in operation as part of a "drill string" reaching several miles down into the earth in search of oil.

What does Kennametal* have to do with the price of oil?

Last year, oil companies spent an estimated $2 billion drilling exploratory holes. Only once in every twelve tries did they get a producer. Every year, the wells get deeper . . . today's are often several miles down . . . and drilling costs get higher and higher. Finding ways to offset these mounting production costs before they reach consumers is a never-ending struggle. Kennametal has provided some answers.

Shown above, a 30-foot core has just been bored from a forged blank to form an oil well "drill collar." Boring one of these collars used to take 18 to 24 hours machining time, on a trepanning lathe worth a half-million dollars. Since time had to be charged at $50 an hour, faster machining could mean big dollar savings. However, in view of the tremendous down-time costs, machine speed up would not dare be attempted with any less than the best tooling available. In this case, the "best" proved to be a couple of Kennametal carbide tool inserts and support pads that together cost less than ten dollars.

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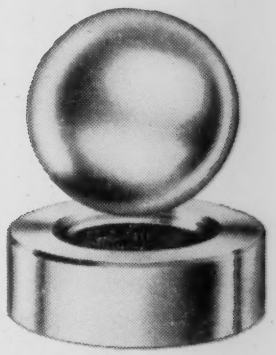

"Balls and Seats" like this act as valves on pumps operating at the bottom of oil wells. Here, Kennametal fights corrosion and erosion by crude oil. For years, Kennametal balls and seats have been outlasting similar parts made from steel as much as 20 to 1. Since it is necessary to pull the pump from the bottom of the well to replace these parts, the small additional cost of Kennametal Balls and Seats is again a time and money saving investment that pays big dividends.

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